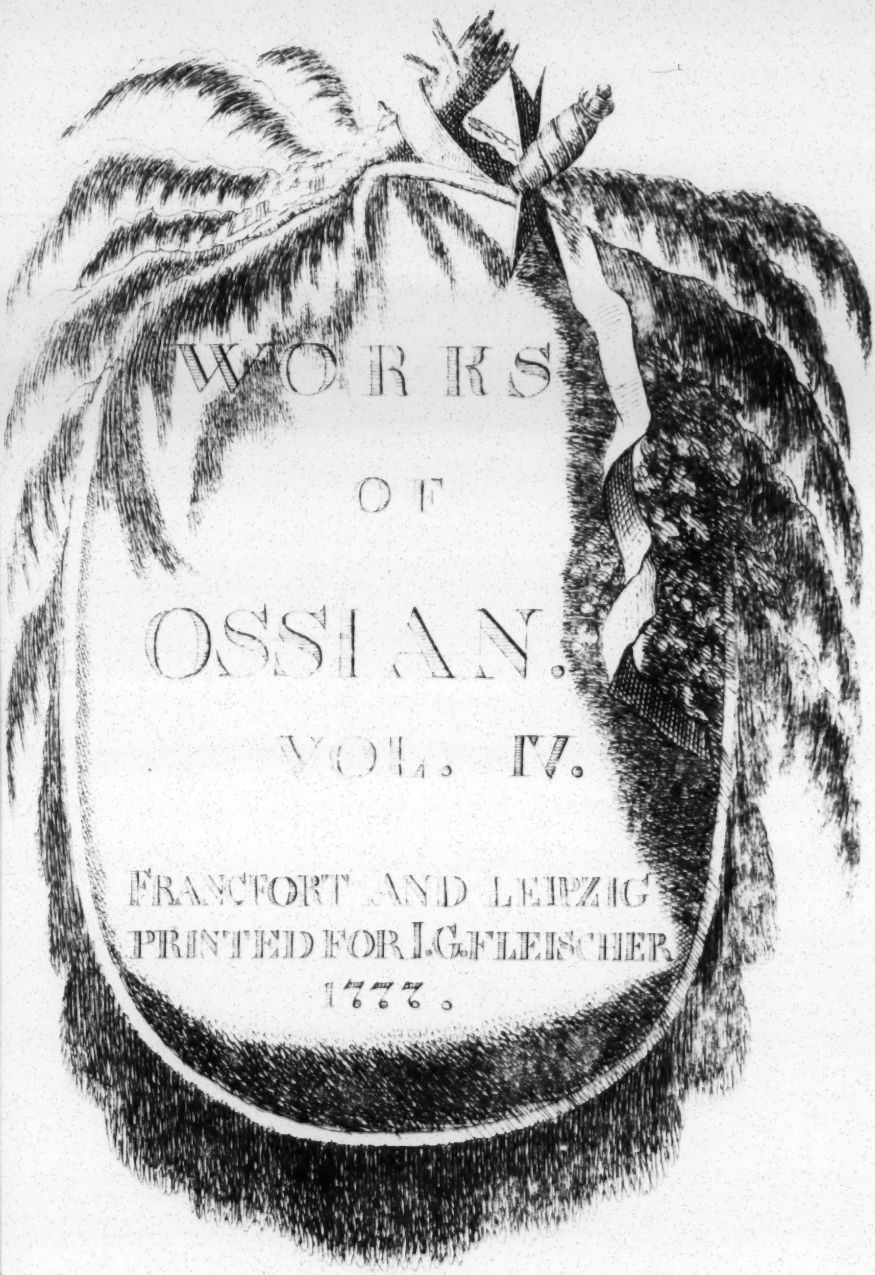

WORKS OF OSSIAN.

VOL. IV.

FRANCFORT AND LEIPZIG
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LATHMON:

A

POEM.

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A POEM. *)

Selma, thy halls are ſilent. There is no ſound in the woods of Morven. The wave tumbles alone on the coaſt. The ſilent beam of the Sun is on the field. The daughters of Morven come forth, like the bow

*) Lathmon a Britiſh prince, taking advantage of Fingal's abſence in Ireland, made a deſcent on Morven, and advanced within ſight of Selma the royal palace. Fingal arrived in the mean time, and Lathmor retreated to a hill, where his army was ſurpriſed by night, and himſelf taken priſoner by Oſſian and Gaul the ſon of Morni. This exploit of Gaul and Oſſian bears a near reſemblance to the beautiful epiſode of Niſus and Euryalus in Virgil's ninth Æneid. The poem opens, with the firſt appearance of Fingal on the coaſt of Morven, and ends, it may be ſuppoſed, about noon the next day. The firſt paragraph is in a lyric

bow of the ſhower; they look towards green Uilin for the white ſails of the king. He had promiſed to return, but the winds of the north aroſe.

Who pours from the eaſtern hill, like a ſtream of darkneſs? It is the hoſt of Lathmon. He has heard of the abſence of Fingal. He truſts in the wind of the north. His ſoul brightens with joy. Why doſt thou come, Lathmon? The mighty are not in Selma. Why comeſt thou with thy forward ſpear? Will the daughters of Morven fight? But ſtop, O mighty ſtream, in thy courſe! Does not Lathmon behold theſe ſails? Why doſt thou vaniſh, Lathmon, like the miſt of the lake? But the ſqually ſtorm is behind thee; Fingal purſues thy ſteps!

The king of Morven ſtarted from ſleep, as we rolled on the dark blue wave. He ſtretched his hand to his ſpear, and his heroes roſe around. We knew that he had ſeen his fathers, for they often deſcended to his dreams, when the ſword of the foe roſe over the land, and the battle darkened before us.

Whiter

a lyric meaſure, and appears to have been ſung, of old, to the harp, as a prelude to the narrative part of the poem, which is in heroic verſe.

Whither haſt thou fled, O wind, ſaid the king of Morven? Doſt thou ruſtle in the chambers of the ſouth, and purſue the ſhower in other lands? Why doſt thou not come to my ſails? to the blue face of my ſeas? The foe is in the land of Morven, and the king is abſent. But let each bind on his mail, and each aſſume his ſhield. Stretch every ſpear over the wave; let every ſword be unſheathed. Lathmon *) is before us with his hoſt: he that fled **) from Fingal on the plains of Lona. But he returns, like a collected ſtream, and his roar is between our hills.

Such were the words of Fingal. We ruſhed into Carmona's bay. Oſſian aſcended the hill; and thrice ſtruck his boſſy ſhield. The rock of Morven replied; and

*) It is ſaid, by tradition, that it was the intelligence of Lathmon's invaſion, that occaſioned Fingal's return from Ireland; though Oſſian, more poetically, aſcribes the cauſe of Fingal's knowledge to his dream.

**) He alludes to a battle wherein Fingal had defeated Lathmon. The occaſion of this firſt war, between thoſe heroes, is told by Oſſian in another poem, which the tranſlator has ſeen.

and the bounding roes came forth. The foes were troubled in my preſence: and collected their darkened hoſt; for I ſtood, like a cloud on the hill, rejoicing in the arms of my youth.

Morni *) ſat beneath a tree, at the roaring waters of Strumon **): his locks of age are gray: he leans forward on his ſtaff; young Gaul is near the hero, hearing the battles of his youth. Often did he riſe, in the fire of his ſoul, at the mighty deeds of Morni.

The aged heard the ſound of Oſſian's ſhield: he knew the ſign of battle. He ſtarted at once from his place. His gray hair parted on his back. He remembers the actions of other years. My ſon, he ſaid to fair-haired Gaul, I hear the ſound of battle. The king

*) Morni was chief of a numerous tribe, in the days of Fingal and his father Comhal. The laſt mentioned hero was killed in battle againſt Morni's tribe; but the valour and conduct of Fingal reduced them, at laſt, to obedience. We find the two heroes perfectly reconciled in this poem.

**) Stru'-moné, *ſtream of the hill.* Here the proper name of a rivulet in the neighbourhood of Selma,

king of Morven is returned, the ſign of war is heard. Go to the halls of Strumon, and bring his arms to Morni. Bring the arms which my father wore in his age, for my arm begins to fail. Take thou thy armour, O Gaul; and ruſh to the firſt of thy battles. Let thine arm reach to the renown of thy fathers. Be thy courſe in the field, like the eagle's wing. Why ſhouldſt thou fear death, my ſon! the valiant fall with fame; their ſhields turn the dark ſtream of danger away, and renown dwell on their gray hairs. Doſt thou not ſee, O Gaul how the ſteps of my age are honoured? Morni moves forth, and the young meet him, with reverence, and turn their eyes, with ſilent joy, on his courſe. But I never fled from danger, my ſon! my ſword lightened through the darkneſs of battle. The ſtranger melted before me; the mighty were blaſted in my preſence.

Gaul brought the arms to Morni: the aged warrior covered himſelf with ſteel. He took the ſpear in his hand, which was often ſtained with the blood of the valiant. He came towards Fingal, his ſon attended his ſteps. The ſon of Comhal rejoiced over the warrior, when he came in the locks of his age.

King of the roaring Strumon! ſaid the riſing joy of Fingal; do I behold thee in arms, after thy ſtrength has failed? Often has Morni ſhone in battles, like the beam of the riſing ſun; when he diſperſes the ſtorms of the hill, and brings peace to the glittering fields. But why didſt thou not reſt in thine age? Thy renown is in the ſong. The people behold thee, and bleſs the departure of mighty Morni. Why didſt thou not reſt in thine age? For the foe will vaniſh before Fingal.

Son of Comhal, replied the chief, the ſtrength of Morni's arm has failed. I attempt to draw the ſword of my youth, but it remains in its place. I throw the ſpear, but it falls ſhort of the mark; and I feel the weight of my ſhield. We decay, like the graſs of the mountain, and our ſtrength returns no more. I have a ſon, O Fingal, his ſoul has delighted in the actions of Morni's youth; but his ſword has not been lifted againſt the foe, neither has his fame begun. I come with him to battle; to direct his arm. His renown will be a ſun to my ſoul, in the dark hour of my departure. O that the name of Morni were forgot among the people! that the heroes would only ſay, "Behold the father of Gaul!"

King

King of Strumon, Fingal replied, Gaul ſhall lift the ſword in battle. But he ſhall lift it before Fingal; my arm ſhall defend his youth. But reſt thou in the halls of Selma; and hear of our renown. Bid the harp be ſtrung; and the voice of the bard ariſe, that thoſe who fall may rejoice in their fame; and the ſoul of Morni brighten with gladneſs. —— Oſſian! thou haſt fought in battles: the blood of ſtrangers is on thy ſpear: let thy courſe be with Gaul in the ſtrife; but depart not from the ſide of Fingal; leſt the foe find you alone; and your fame fail at once.

I ſaw *) Gaul in his arms, and my ſoul was mixed with his; for the fire of the battle was in his eyes! he looked to the foe with joy. We ſpoke the words of friendſhip in ſecret: and the lightning of our ſwords poured together; for we drew them behind the wood, and tried the ſtrength of our arms on the empty air.

Night

*) Oſſian ſpeaks. The contraſt between the old and young heroes is ſtrongly marked. The circumſtance of the latter's drawing their ſwords is well imagined, and agrees with the impatience of young ſoldiers, juſt entered upon action.

Night came down on Morven. Fingal ſat at the beam of the oak. Morni ſat by his ſide with all his gray waving locks. Their diſcourſe is of other times, and the actions of their fathers. Three bards, at times, touched the harp; and Ullin was near with his ſong. He ſung of the mighty Comhal; but darkneſs gattered *) on Morni's brow. He rolled his red eye on Ullin; and the ſong of the bard ceaſed. Fingal obſerved the aged hero, and he mildly ſpoke.

Chief of Strumon, why that darkneſs? Let the days of other years be forgot. Our fathers contended in battle; but we meet together, at the feaſt. Our ſwords are turned on the foes, and they melt before us on the field. Let the days of our fathers be forgot, king of moſſy Strumon.

King

*) Ullin had choſen ill the ſubject of his ſong. The *darkneſs which gathered on Morni's brow*, did not proceed from any diſlike he had to Comhal's name, though they were foes, but from his fear that the ſong would awaken Fingal to remembrance of the feuds which had ſubſiſted of old between the families. Fingal's ſpeech on this occaſion abounds with generoſity and good ſenſe.

King of Morven, replied the chief, I remember thy father with joy. He was terrible in battle; the rage *) of the chief was deadly. My eyes were full of tears, when the king of heroes fell. The valiant fall, O Fingal, and the feeble remain on the hills. How many heroes have paſſed away, in the days of Morni! And I did not ſhun the battle; neither did I fly from the ſtrife of the valiant.

Now let the friends of Fingal reſt; for the night is around; that they may riſe, with ſtrength, to battle againſt car-borne Lathmon. I hear the ſound of his hoſt, like thunder heard on a diſtant heath. Oſſian! and fair-haired Gaul! ye are ſwift in the race. Obſerve the foes of Fingal from that woody hill. But approach them not, your fathers are not near to ſhield you. Let not your fame fall at once. The valour of youth may fail.

We

*) This expreſſion is ambiguous in the original. It either ſignifies that Comhal killed many in battle, or that he was implacable in his reſentment. The tranſlator has endeavoured to preſerve the ſame ambiguity in the verſion; as it was probably deſigned by the poet.

We heard the words of the chief with joy, and moved in the clang of our arms. Our ſteps are on the woody hill. Heaven burns with all its ſtars. The meteors of death fly over the field. The diſtant noiſe of the foe reached our ears. It was then Gaul ſpoke, in his valour; his hand half-unſheathed the ſword.

Son of Fingal, he ſaid, why burns the ſoul of Gaul? My heart beats high. My ſteps are diſordered; and my hand trembles on my ſword. When I look towards the foe, my ſoul lightens before me, and I ſee their ſleeping hoſt. Tremble thus the ſouls of the valiant in battles of the ſpear? —— How would the ſoul of Morni riſe if we ſhould ruſh on the foe! Our renown would grow in the ſong; and our ſteps be ſtately in the eyes of the brave.

Son of Morni, I replied, my ſoul delights in battle. I delight to ſhine in battle alone, and to give my name to the bards. But what if the foe ſhould prevail; ſhall I behold the eyes of the king? They are terrible in his diſpleaſure, and like the flames of death. — But I will not behold them in his wrath. Oſſian ſhall prevail or fall. But ſhall the fame of the van-

vanquiſhed riſe? — They paſs away like a ſhadow. But the fame of Oſſian ſhall riſe. His deeds ſhall be like his fathers. Let us ruſh in our arms; ſon of Morni, let us ruſh to battle. Gaul! if thou ſhalt return, go to Selma's lofty wall. Tell to Evirallin *) that I fell with fame; carry this ſword to Branno's daughter. Let her give it to Oſcar, when the years of his youth ſhall ariſe.

Son of Fingal, Gaul replied with a ſigh; ſhall I return after Oſſian is low! — What would my father ſay, and Fingal king of men? The feeble would turn their eyes and ſay, "Behold the mighty Gaul who left "his friend in his blood!" Ye ſhall not behold me, ye feeble, but in the midſt of my renown. Oſſian! I have heard from my father the mighty deeds of heroes; their mighty deeds when alone; for the ſoul increaſes in danger.

Son of Morni, I replied and ſtrode before him on the heath, our fathers ſhall praiſe our valour, when they mourn our fall. A beam of gladneſs ſhall riſe on their

*) Oſſian had married her a little time before. The ſtory of his courtſhip of this lady is introduced, as an epiſode, in the fourth book of Fingal.

their ſouls, when their eyes are full of tears. They will ſay, "Our ſons have not fallen like the graſs of "the field, for they ſpread death around them." —— But why ſhould we think of the narrow houſe? The ſword defends the valiant. But death purſues the flight of the feeble; and their renown is not heard.

We ruſhed forward through night; and came to the roar of a ſtream which bent its blue courſe round the foe, through trees that echoed to its noiſe; we came to the bank of the ſtream, and ſaw the ſleeping hoſt. Their fires were decayed on the plain; and the lonely ſteps of their ſcouts were diſtant far. I ſtretched my ſpear before me to ſupport my ſteps over the ſtream. But Gaul took my hand, and ſpoke the words of the valiant.

Shall *) the ſon of Fingal ruſh on a ſleeping foe? Shall he come like a blaſt by night when it overturns the

*) This propoſal of Gaul is much more noble, and more agreeable to true heroiſm, than the behaviour of Ulyſſes and Diomed in the Iliad, or that of Niſus and Euryalus in the Æneid. What his valour and generoſity ſuggeſted became the foundation of his ſucceſs

the young trees in ſecret? Fingal did not thus receive his fame, nor dwells renown on the gray hairs of Morni, for actions like theſe. Strike, Oſſian, ſtrike the ſhield of battle, and let their thouſands riſe. Let them meet Gaul in his firſt battle, that he may try the ſtrength of his arm.

My ſoul rejoiced over the warrior, and my burſting tears deſcended. And the foe ſhall meet Gaul, I ſaid: the fame of Morni's ſon ſhall ariſe. But ruſh not too far, my hero: let the gleam of thy ſteel be near to Oſſian. Let our hands join in ſlaughter. — Gaul! doſt thou not behold that rock? Its gray ſide dimly gleams to the ſtars. If the foe ſhall prevail, let our back be towards the rock. Then ſhall they fear to approach our ſpears; for death is in our hands.

I ſtruck

ſucceſs. For the enemy being diſmayed with the ſound of Oſſian's ſhield, which was the common ſignal of battle, thought that Fingal's whole army came to attack them; ſo that they fly in reality from an army, not from two heroes; which reconciles the ſtory to probability.

I ſtruck thrice my echoing ſhield. The ſtarting foe aroſe. We ruſhed on in the ſound of our arms. Their crowded ſteps fly over the heath: for they thought that the mighty Fingal came; and the ſtrength of their arms withered away. The ſound of their flight was like that of flame, when it ruſhes through the blaſted groves.

It was then the ſpear of Gaul flew in its ſtrength: it was then his ſword aroſe. Cremor fell; and mighty Leth. Dunthormo ſtruggled in his blood. The ſteel ruſhed through Crotha's ſide, as bent, he roſe, on his ſpear; the black ſtream poured from the wound, and hiſſed on the half-extinguiſhed oak. Cathmin ſaw the ſteps of the hero behind him, and aſcended a blaſted tree; but the ſpear pierced him from behind. Shrieking, panting, he fell; moſs and withered branches purſue his fall, and ſtrew the blue arms of Gaul.

Such were thy deeds, ſon of Morni, in the firſt of thy battles. Nor ſlept the ſword by thy ſide, thou laſt of Fingal's race! Oſſian ruſhed forward in his ſtrength, and the people fell before him; as the graſs by the ſtaff of the boy, when he whiſtles along the field, and the gray beard of the thiſtle falls. But care-

careleſs the youth moves on; his ſteps are towards the deſart.

Gray morning roſe around us, the winding ſtreams are bright along the heath. The foe gathered on a hill; and the rage of Lathmon roſe. He bent the red eye of his wrath: he is ſilent in his riſing grief. He often ſtruck his boſſy ſhield; and his ſteps are unequal on the heath. I ſaw the diſtant darkneſs of the hero, and I ſpoke to Morni's ſon.

Car-borne *) chief of Strumon, doſt thou behold the foe? They gather on the hill in their wrath. Let our ſteps be towards the king **). He ſhall riſe in his ſtrength, and the hoſt of Lathmon vaniſh. Our fame is around us, warrior, the eyes of the aged ***) will rejoice. But let us fly, ſon of Morni, Lathmon deſcends the hill.

Then

*) Car-borne is a title of honour beſtowed, by Oſſian, indiſcriminately on every hero; as every chief, in his time, kept a chariot or litter by way of ſtate.

**) Fingal.

***) Fingal and Morni.

Then let our ſteps *) be ſlow, replied the fair-haired Gaul; leſt the foe ſay, with a ſmile, "Behold "the warriors of night, they are, like ghoſts, terrible "in darkneſs, but they melt away before the beam of "the eaſt." Oſſian, take the ſhield of Gormar who fell beneath thy ſpear; that the aged heroes may rejoice, when they ſhall behold the actions of their ſons.

Such were our words on the plain, when Sulmath **) came to car-borne Lathmon: Sulmath chief of Dutha at the dark-rolling ſtream of Duvranna ***). Why

*) The behaviour of Gaul, throughout this poem, is that of a hero in the moſt exalted ſenſe. The modeſty of Oſſian, concerning his own actions, is not leſs memarkable than his impartiality with regard to Gaul, for it is well known that Gaul afterwards rebelled againſt Fingal, which might be ſuppoſed to have bred prejudices againſt him in the breaſt of Oſſian. But as Gaul, from an enemy, became Fingal's firmeſt friend and greateſt hero, the poet paſſes over one ſlip in his conduct, on account of his many virtues.

**) Suil-mhath, *a man of good eye-ſight.*

***) Dubh-bhranna, *dark mountain-ſtream.* What river went

Why doſt thou not ruſh, ſon of Nuäth, with a thouſand of thy heroes? Why doſt thou not deſcend with thy hoſt, before the warriors fly? Their blue arms are beaming to the riſing light, and their ſteps are before us, on the heath.

Son of the feeble hand, ſaid Lathmon, ſhall my hoſt deſcend! They *) are but two, ſon of Dutha, and

went by this name, in the days of Oſſian, is not eaſily aſcertained, at this diſtance of time. A river in Scotland, which falls into the ſea at Banff, ſtill retains the name of Duvran. If that is meant, by Oſſian, in this paſſage, Lathmon muſt have been a prince of the Pictiſh nation, or thoſe Caledonians who inhabited of old the eaſtern coaſt of Scotland.

*) Oſſian ſeldom fails to give his heroes, though enemies, that generoſity of temper which, it appears from his poems, was a conſpicuous part of his own character. Thoſe who too much deſpiſe their enemies do not reflect, that the more they take from the valour of their foes, the leſs merit they have themſelves in conquering them. The cuſtom of depreciating enemies is not altogether one of the refinements of modern heroiſm. This railing diſpoſi-

and ſhall a thouſand lift their ſteel! Nuäth would mourn, in his hall, for the departure of his fame. His eyes would turn from Lathmon, when the tread of his feet approached. — Go thou to the heroes, chief of Dutha, for I behold the ſtately ſteps of Oſſian. His fame is worthy of my ſteel; let him fight with Lathmon.

The noble Sulmath came. I rejoiced in the words of the king. I raiſed the ſhield on my arm; and Gaul placed in my hand the ſword of Morni. We returned to the murmuring ſtream; Lathmon came in his ſtrength. His dark hoſt rolled, like the clouds, behind him; but the ſon of Nuäth was bright in his ſteel.

Son of Fingal, ſaid the hero, thy fame has grown on our fall. How many lie there of my people by thy hand, thou king of men! Lift now thy ſpear againſt Lathmon; and lay the ſon of Nuäth low. Lay him low

tion is one of the capital faults in Homer's characters, which, by the bye, cannot be imputed to the poet, who kept to the manners of the times of which he wrote. Milton has followed Homer in this reſpect; but railing is leſs ſhocking in infernal ſpirits, who are the objects of horror, than in heroes, who are ſet up as patterns of imitation.

low among his people, or thou thyſelf muſt fall. It ſhall never be told in my halls that my warriors fell in my preſence; that they fell in the preſence of Lathmon when his ſword reſted by his ſide; the blue eyes of Cutha *) would roll in tears, and her ſteps be lonely in the vales of Dunlathmon.

Neither ſhall it be told, I replied, that the ſon of Fingal fled. Were his ſteps covered with darkneſs, yet would not Oſſian fly; his ſoul would meet him and ſay, "Does the bard of Selma fear the foe?" No: he does not fear the foe. His joy is in the midſt of battle.

Lathmon came on with his ſpear, and pierced the ſhield of Oſſian. I felt the cold ſteel at my ſide; and drew the ſword of Morni: I cut the ſpear in twain; the bright point fell glittering on the ground. The ſon of Nuäth burnt in his wrath, and lifted high his ſounding ſhield. His dark eyes rolled above it, as bending forward, it ſhone like a gate of braſs. But Oſſian's ſpear pierced the brightneſs of its boſſes, and ſunk

*) Cutha appears to have been Lathmon's wife or miſtreſs.

ſunk in a tree that roſe behind. The ſhield hung on the quivering lance! but Lathmon ſtill advanced. Gaul foreſaw the fall of the chief, and ſtretched his buckler before my ſword; when it deſcended, in a ſtream of light over the king of Dunlathmon.

Lathmon beheld the ſon of Morni, and the tear ſtarted from his eye. He threw the ſword of his fathers on the ground, and ſpoke the words of the valiant. Why ſhould Lathmon fight againſt the firſt of mortal men? Your ſouls are beams from heaven; your ſwords the flames of death. Who can equal the renown of the herors, whoſe actions are ſo great in youth! O that ye were in the halls of Nuäth, in the green dwelling of Lathmon! then would my father ſay, that his ſon did not yield to the feeble. — But who comes, a mighty ſtream, along the echoing heath? the little hills are troubled before him, and a thouſand ſpirits are on the beams of his ſteel; the ſpirits *) of thoſe who are to fall by the arm of the king of reſounding Morven. — Happy art thou, O Fingal, thy ſons

*) It was thought, in Oſſian's time, that each perſon had his attending ſpirit. The traditions concerning this opinion are dark and unſatisfactory.

ſons ſhall fight thy battles; they go forth before thee; and they return with the ſteps of renown.

Fingal came, in his mildneſs, rejoicing in ſecret over the actions of his ſon. Morni's face brightened with gladneſs, and his aged eyes looked faintly through the tears of joy. We came to the halls of Selma, and ſat round the feaſt of ſhells. The maids of the ſong came into our preſence, and the mildly bluſhing Evirallin. Her dark hair ſpread on her neck of ſnow, her eye rolled in ſecret on Oſſian; ſhe touched the harp of muſic, and we bleſſed the daughter of Branno.

Fingal roſe in his place, and ſpoke to Dunlathmon's battling king. The ſword of Trenmor trembled by his ſide, as he lifted up his mighty arm. Son of Nuäth, he ſaid, why doſt thou ſearch for fame in Morven? We are not of the race of the feeble; nor do our ſwords gleam over the weak. When did we come to Dunlathmon, with the ſound of war? Fingal does not delight in battle, though his arm is ſtrong. My renown grows on the fall of the haughty. The lightning of my ſteel pours on the proud in arms. The battle comes; and the tombs of the valiant riſe; the tombs of my people riſe! O my fathers! and I at

laid muſt remain alone. But I will remain renowned, and the departure of my ſoul ſhall be one ſtream of light. Lathmon! retire to thy place. Turn thy battles to other lands. The race of Morven are renowned, and their foes are the ſons of the unhappy.

OITHÓNA:

A

POEM.

OITHÓNA:
A POEM. *)

Darkneſs dwells around Dunlathmon, though the moon ſhews half her face on the hill. The daughter of night turns her eyes away; for ſhe beholds the

*) Gaul, the ſon of Morni, attended Lathmon into his own country, after his being defeated in Morven, as related in the preceding poem. He was kindly entertained by Nuäth, the father of Lathmon, and fell in love with his daughter Oithóna. —— The lady was no leſs enamoured of Gaul, and a day was fixed for their marriage. In the mean time Fingal, preparing for an expedition into the country of the Britons, ſent for Gaul. He obeyed, and went; but not without promiſing to Oithóna to return, if he ſurvived the war, by a certain day. —— Lathmon too was obliged to attend his father Nuäth in his wars, and Oithóna was left alone at Dunlathmon, the

the grief that is coming. — The ſon of Morni is on the plain; but there is no ſound in the hall. No long

the ſeat of the family. — Dunrommath, lord of Uthal, ſuppoſed to be one of the Orkneys, taking advantage of the abſence of her friends, came and carried off, by force, Oithóna, who had formerly rejected his love, into Tromáthon, a deſart iſland, where he concealed her iu a cave.

Gaul returned on the day appointed; heard of the rape, and ſailed to Tromáthon, to revenge himſelf on Dunrommath. When he landed, he found Oithóna diſconſolate, and reſolved not to ſurvive the loſs of her honour. — She told him the ſtory of her misfortunes, and ſhe ſcarce ended, when Dunrommath, with his followers, appeared at the further end of the iſland. Gaul prepared to attak him, recommending to Oithóna to retire, till the battle was over. — She ſeemingly obeyed; but ſhe ſecretly armed herſelf, ruſhed into the thickeſt of the battle, and was mortally wounded. — Gaul purſuing the flying enemy, found her juſt expiring on the field: he mourned over her, raiſed her tomb, and returned to Morven. —— Thus is the ſtory handed

long-ſtreaming *) beam of light comes trembling through the gloom. The voice of Oithóna **) is not heard amidſt the noiſe of the ſtreams of Duvranna. —

Whither art thou gone in thy beauty, dark-haired daughter of Nuäth? Lathmon is in the field of the valiant, but thou didſt promiſe to remain in the hall; thou didſt promiſe to remain in the hall till the ſon of Morni returned. Till he returned from Strumon, to the maid of his love. The tear was on thy cheek at his departure: the ſigh roſe in ſecret in thy breaſt. But thou doſt not come to meet him, with ſongs, with the lightly-trembling ſound of the harp. ——

Such were the words of Gaul, when he came to Dunlathmon's towers. The gates were open and dark. The

handed down by tradition; nor is it given with any material difference in the poem, which opens with Gaul's return to Dunlathmon, after the rape of Oithóna.

*) Some gentle taper
—— viſit us
With thy long levelled rule of ſtreaming light.
MILTON.

**) Oi-thóna, *the virgin of the wave.*

The winds were bluſtering in the hall. The trees ſtrowed the threſhold with leaves; and the murmur of night was abroad. — Sad and ſilent, at a rock, the ſon of Morni ſat: his ſoul trembled for the maid; but he knew not whither to turn his courſe. The ſon*) of Leth ſtood at a diſtance, and heard the winds in his buſhy hair. But he did not raiſe his voice, for he ſaw the ſorrow of Gaul.

Sleep deſcended on the heroes. The viſions of night aroſe. Oithóna ſtood in a dream, before the eyes of Morni's ſon. Her dark hair was looſe and diſordered: her lovely eye rolled in tears. Blood ſtained her ſnowy arm. The robe half hid the wound of her breaſt. She ſtood over the chief, and her voice was heard.

Sleeps the ſon of Morni, he that was lovely in the eyes of Oithóna? Sleeps Gaul at the diſtant rock, and the daughter of Nuäth low? The ſea rolls round the dark iſle of Tromáthon; I ſit in my tears in the cave. Nor

*) Morlo, the ſon of Leth, is one of Fingal's moſt famous heroes. He and three other men attended Gaul on his expedition to Tromáthon.

Nor do I ſit alone, O Gaul, the dark chief of Cuthal is there. He is there in the rage of his love. —— And what can Oithóna do?

A rougher blaſt ruſhed through the oak. The dream of night departed. Gaul took his aſpen ſpear; he ſtood in the rage of wrath. Often did his eyes turn to the eaſt, and accuſe the lagging light. — At length the morning came forth. The hero lifted up the ſail. The winds came ruſtling from the hill; and he bounded on the waves of the deep. — On the third day aroſe Tromathon *), like a blue ſhield in the midſt of the ſea. The white wave roared againſt its rocks;

*) ἐφάνη ὄρεα σκιόεντα
Γαίης Φαίηκων, ——
—— ὣς ὅτε εἶνον ἐν ἠεροειδέϊ ποντῳ.
Hom. Od. v. 280.

Then ſwell'd to ſight Phæacia's duſky coaſt,
And woody mountains half in vapours loſt;
That lay before him indiſtinct and vaſt,
Like a broad ſhield amid the watry waſte.

Tróm-thón, *heavy or deep-ſounding wave.*

rocks; ſad Oithóna ſat on the coaſt. She looked on the rolling waters, and her tears deſcend. —— But when ſhe ſaw Gaul in his arms, ſhe ſtarted and turned her eyes away. Her lovely cheek is bent and red; her white arm trembles by her ſide. — Thrice ſhe ſtrove to fly from his preſence; but her ſteps failed her as ſhe went.

Daughter of Nuäth, ſaid the hero, why doſt thou fly from Gaul? Do my eyes ſend forth the flame of death? Or darkens hatred in my ſoul? Thou art to me the beam of the eaſt riſing in a land unknown. But thou covereſt thy face with ſadneſs, daughter of high Dunlathmon! Is the foe of Oithóna near? My ſoul burns to meet him in battle. The ſword trembles on the ſide of Gaul, and longs to glitter in his hand. —— Speak, daughter of Nuäth, doſt thou not behold my tears?

Car-borne chief of Strumon, replied the ſighing maid, why comeſt thou over the dark-blue wave to Nuäth's mournful daughter? Why did I not paſs away in ſecret, like the flower of the rock, that lifts its fair head unſeen, and ſtrows its withered leaves on the blaſt? Why didſt thou come, O Gaul, to hear my departing ſigh?

ſigh? I paſs away in my youth; and my name ſhall not be heard. Or it will be heard with ſorrow, and the tears of Nuäth will fall. Thou wilt be ſad, ſon of Morni, for the fallen fame of Oithóna. But ſhe ſhall ſleep in the narrow tomb, far from the voice of the mourner. —— Why diſt thou come, chief of Strumon, to the ſea-beat rocks of Tromathon.

I came to meet thy foes, daughter of carborne Nuäth! the death of Cuthal's chief darkens before me; or Morni's ſon ſhall fall. --- Oithóna! when Gaul is low, raiſe my tomb on that oozy rock; and when the dark-bounding ſhip ſhall paſs, call the ſons of the ſea; call them, and give this ſword, that they may carry it to Morni's hall; that the grey-haired hero may ceaſe to look towards the deſart for the return of his ſon.

And ſhall the daughter of Nuäth live, ſhe replied with a burſting ſigh? Shall I live in Tromáthon, and the ſon of Morni low? My heart is not of that rock; nor my ſoul careleſs as that ſea, which lifts its blue waves to every wind, and rolls beneath the ſtorm. The blaſt which ſhall lay thee low, ſhall ſpread the branches of Oithóna on earth. We ſhall wither together, ſon of car-borne Morni! —— The narrow

houſe is pleaſant to me, and the gray ſtone of the dead: for never more will I leave thy rocks, ſea-ſurrounded Tromáthon! --- Night *) came on with her clouds, after the departure of Lathmon, when he went to the wars of his fathers, to the moſs-covered rock of Duthórmoth; night came on, and I ſat in the hall, at the beam of the oak. The wind was abroad in the trees. I heard the ſound of arms. Joy roſe in my face; for I thought of thy return. It was the chief of Cuthal, the red-haired ſtrength of Dunrommath. His eyes rolled in fire: the blood of my people was on his ſword. They who defended Oithóna fell by the gloomy chief. ——— What could I do? My arm was weak; it could not lift the ſpear. He took me in my grief, amidſt my tears he raiſed the ſail. He feared the returning ſtrength of Lathmon, the brother of unhappy Oithóna. ———But behold! he comes with his people! the dark wave is divided before him! --- Whither wilt thou turn thy ſteps, ſon of Morni? Many are the warriors of Dunrommath!

My ſteps never turned from battle, replied the hero, as he unſheathed his ſword; and ſhall I begin to

*) Oithóna relates how ſhe was carried away by Dunrommath.

to fear, Oithóna, when thy foes are near? Go to thy cave, daughter of Nuäth, till our battle ceaſe. Son of Leth, bring the bows of our fathers; and the ſounding quiver of Morni. Let our three warriors bend the yew. Ourſelves will lift the ſpear. They are an hoſt on the rock; but our ſouls are ſtrong.

The daughter of Nuäth went to the cave: a troubled joy roſe on her mind, like the red path of the lightning on a ſtormy cloud. --- Her ſoul was reſolved, and the tear was dried from her wildly-looking eye. --- Dunrommath ſlowly approached; for he ſaw the ſon of Morni. Contempt contracted his face, a ſmile is on his dark brown cheek; his red eye rolled, half-conceal'd, beneath his ſhaggy brows.

Whence are the ſons of the ſea, begun the gloomy chief? Have the winds driven you to the rocks of Tromáthon? Or come you in ſearch of the white-handed daughter of Nuäth? The ſons of the unhappy, ye feeble men, come to the hand of Dunrommath. His eyes ſpares not the weak; and he delights in the blood of ſtrangers. Oithòna is a beam of light, and the chief of Cuthal enjoys it in ſecret; would thou come on its lovelineſs like a cloud, ſon of the feeble hand! ---

Thou mayſt come, but ſhalt thou return to the halls of thy fathers?

Doſt thou not know me, ſaid Gaul, redhaired chief of Cuthal? Thy feet were ſwift on the heath, in the battle of car-borne Lathmon; when the ſword of Morni's ſon purſued his hoſt, in Morven's woody land. Dunrommath! thy words are mighty, for thy warriors gather behind thee. But do I fear them, ſon of pride? I am not of the race of the feeble.

Gaul advanced in his arms; Dunrommath ſhrunk behind his people. But the ſpear of Gaul pierced the gloomy chief, and his ſword lopped off his head, as it bended in death. —— The ſon of Morni ſhook it thrice by the lock; the warriors of Dunrommath fled. The arrows of Morven purſued them: ten fell on the moſſy rocks. The reſt lift the ſounding ſail, and bound on the echoing deep.

Gaul advanced towards the cave of Oithóna. He beheld a youth leaning againſt a rock. An arrow had pierced his ſide; and his eye rolled faintly beneath his helmet. --- The ſoul of Morni's ſon is ſad, he came and ſpoke the words of peace.

Can the hand of Gaul heal thee, youth of the mournful brow? I have ſearched for the herbs of the mountains; I have gathered them on the ſecret banks of their ſtreams. My hand has cloſed the wound of the valiant, and their eyes have bleſſed the ſon of Morni. Where dwelt thy fathers, warrior? Were they of the ſons of the mighty? Sadneſs ſhall come, like night, on thy native ſtreams; for thou art fallen in thy youth. ——

My fathers, replied the ſtranger, were of the ſons of the mighty; but they ſhall not be ſad; for my fame is departed like morning miſt. High walls riſe on the banks of Duvranna; and ſee their moſſy towers in the ſtream; a rock aſcends behind them with its bending firs. Thou mayſt behold it far diſtant. There my brother dwells. He is renowned in battle: give him this glittering helmet.

The helmet fell from the hand of Gaul; for it was the wounded Oithóna. She had armed herſelf in the cave, and came in ſearch of death. Her heavy eyes are half cloſed; the blood pours from her ſide. —

Son of Morni, ſhe ſaid, prepare the narrow tomb. Sleep comes, like a cloud, on my ſoul. The eyes of

Oithóna are dim. O had I dwelt at Duvranna, in the bright beam of my fame! then had my years come on with joy; and the virgins would bleſs my ſteps. But I fall in youth, ſon of Morni, and my father ſhall bluſh in his hall. ——

She fell pale on the rock of Tromáthon. The mournful hero raiſed her tomb. —— He came to Morven; but we ſaw the darkneſs of his ſoul. Oſſian took the harp in the praiſe of Oithóna. The brightneſs of the face of Gaul returned. But his ſigh roſe, at times, in the midſt of his friends, like blaſts that ſhake their unfrequent wings, after the ſtormy winds are laid.

CROMA:

CROMA:

A

POEM.

CROMA:

A POEM. *)

It was the voice of my love! few are his visits to the dreams of Malvina! Open your airy halls, ye fathers of mighty Toscar. Unfold the gates of your clouds; the steps of Malvina's departure are near. I have

*) Malvina the daughter of Toscar is overheard by Ossian lamenting the death of Oscar her lover. Ossian, to divert her grief, relates his own actions in an expedition which he undertook, at Fingal's command, to aid Crothar the petty king of Croma, a country in Ireland, against Rothmar wo invaded his dominions. The story is delivered down thus, in tradition. Crothar king of Croma being blind with age, and his son too young for the field, Rothmar the chief of Tromlo resolved to avail himself of the opportunity offered of annexing the dominions of Crothar to his own. He accordingly marched into

have heard a voice in my dream. I feel the fluttering of my ſoul. Why didſt thou come, O blaſt, from the dark-rolling of the lake? Thy ruſtling wing was in the trees, the dream of Malvina departed. But ſhe beheld her love, when his robe of miſt flew on the wind; the beam of the ſun was on his ſkirts, they glittered like the gold of the ſtranger. It was the voice of my love! few are his viſits to my dreams!

But thou dwelleſt in the ſoul of Malvina, ſon of mighty Oſſian. My ſighs ariſe with the beam of the eaſt; my tears deſcend with the drops of night. I was

a

into the country ſubject to Crothar, but which he held of Arth or Artho, who was, at the time, ſupreme king of Ireland.

Crothar being, on account of his age and blindneſs, unfit for action, ſent for aid to Fingal king of Scotland; who ordered his ſon Oſſian to the relief of Crothar. But before his arrival Fovargormo, the ſon of Crothar, attacking Rothmar, was ſlain himſelf, and his forces totally defeated. Oſſian renewed the war; came to battle, killed Rothmar, and routed his army. Croma being thus delivered of its enemies, Oſſian returned to Scotland.

a lovely tree, in thy preſence, Oſcar, with all my branches round me; but thy death came like a blaſt from the deſart, and laid my green head low; the ſpring returned with its ſhowers, but no leaf of mine aroſe. The virgins ſaw me ſilent in the hall, and they touched the harp of joy. The tear was on the cheek of Malvina: the virgins beheld me in my grief. Why art thou ſad, they ſaid; thou firſt of the maids of Lutha? Was he lovely as the beam of the morning, and ſtately in thy ſight?

Pleaſant is thy ſong in Oſſian's ear, daughter of ſtreamy Lutha! Thou haſt heard the muſic of departed bards in the dream of thy reſt, when ſleep fell on thine eyes, at the murmur of Moruth *). When thou didſt return from the chace, in the day of the ſun, thou haſt heard the muſic of the bards, and thy ſong is lovely. It is lovely, O Malvina, but it melts the ſoul. There is a joy in grief when peace dwells in the breaſt of the ſad. But ſorrow waſtes the mournful, O daughter of Toſcar, and their days are few. They fall away, like the flower on which the ſun looks in his ſtrength after the mildew has paſſed over it, and its head is heavy with the drops of night. Attend to the

tale

*) Mor'-ruth, *great ſtream.*

tale of Oſſian, O maid; he remembers the days of his youth.

The king commanded; I raiſed my ſails, and ruſhed into the bay of Croma; into Croma's ſounding bay in lovely Innis-fail. *). High on the coaſt aroſe the towers of Crothar king of ſpears; Crothar renowned in the battles of his youth; but age dwelt then around the chief. Rothmar raiſed the ſword againſt the hero; and the wrath of Fingal burned. He ſent Oſſian to meet Rothmar in battle, for the chief of Croma was the companion of his youth.

I ſent the bard before me with ſongs; I came into the hall of Crothar. There ſat the hero amidſt the arms of his fathers, but his eyes had failed. His gray locks waved around a ſtaff, on which the warrior leaned. He hummed the ſong of other times, when the ſound of our arms reached his ears. Crothar roſe, ſtretched his aged hand, and bleſſed the ſon of Fingal.

Oſſian! ſaid the hero, the ſtrength of Crothar's arm has failed. O could I lift the ſword, as on the day that Fingal fought at Strutha! He was the firſt of mortal men; but Crothar had alſo his fame. The king of

*) *Innis fail*, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

of Morven praiſed me, and he placed on my arm the boſſy ſhield of Calthar, whom the hero had ſlain in war. Doſt thou not behold it on the wall, for Crothar's eyes have failed? Is thy ſtrength, like thy fathers, Oſſian? let the aged feel thine arm.

I gave my arm to the king; he feels it with his aged hands. The ſigh roſe in his breaſt, and his tears deſcended. Thou art ſtrong, my ſon, he ſaid, but not like the king of Morven. But who is like that hero among the mighty in war! Let the feaſt of my halls be ſpread; and let my bards raiſe the ſong. Great is he that is within my walls, ſons of echoing Croma!

The feaſt is ſpread. The harp is heard; and joy is in the hall: But it was joy covering a ſigh, that darkly dwelt in every breaſt. It was like the faint beam of the moon ſpread on a cloud in heaven. At length the muſic ceaſed, and the aged king of Croma ſpoke; he ſpoke without a tear, but the ſigh ſwelled in the midſt of his voice.

Son of Fingal! doſt thou not behold the darkneſs of Crothar's hall of ſhells? My ſoul was not dark at the feaſt, when my people lived. I rejoiced in the preſence of ſtrangers, when my ſon ſhone

in

in the hall. But, Oſſian, he is a beam that is departed, and left no ſtreak of light behind. He is fallen, ſon of Fingal, in the battles of his father. ——— Rothmar the chief of graſſy Tromlo heard that my eyes had failed; he heard that my arms were fixed in the hall, and the pride of his ſoul aroſe. He came towards Croma; my people fell before him. I took my arms in the hall, but what could ſightleſs Crothar do? My ſteps were unequal; my grief was great. I wiſhed for the days that were paſt. Days! wherein I fought; and conquered in the field of blood. My ſon returned from the chace; the fair-haired Fovar-gormo *). He had not lifted his ſword in battle, for his arm was young. But the ſoul of the youth was great; the fire of valour burnt in his eyes. He ſaw the diſordered ſteps of his father, and his ſigh aroſe. King of Croma, he ſaid, is it becauſe thou haſt no ſon; is it for the weakneſs of Fovar-gorma's arm that thy ſighs ariſe? I begin, my father, to feel the ſtrength of my arm; I have drawn the ſword of my youth; and I have bent the bow. Let me meet this Rothmar, with the youths of Croma: let me meet him, O my father; for I feel my burning ſoul. And

*) Faobhar-gorm, *the blue point of ſteel.*

And thou ſhalt meet him, I ſaid, ſon of the ſightleſs Crothar! But let others advance before thee, that I may hear the tread of thy feet at thy return; for my eyes behold thee not, fair-haired Fovar-gormo! —— He went, he met the foe; he fell. The foe advances towards Croma. He who ſlew my ſon is near, with all his pointed ſpears.

It is not time to fill the ſhell, I replied, and took my ſpear. My people ſaw the fire of my eyes, and they roſe around. All night we ſtrode along the heath. Gray morning roſe in the eaſt. A green narrow vale appeared before us; nor did it want its blue ſtream. The dark hoſt of Rothmar are on its banks, with all their glittering arms. We fought along the vale; they fled; Rothmar ſunk beneath my ſword. Day had not deſcended in the weſt when I brought his arms to Crothar. The aged hero felt them with his hands; and joy brightened in his ſoul.

The people gather to the hall; the ſound of the ſhells is heard. Then harps are ſtrung; five bards advance, and ſing, by turns *), the praiſe of Oſſian; they

*) Thoſe extempore compoſitions were in great repute among ſucceeding bards. The pieces extant of that

they poured forth their burning ſouls, and the harp anſwered to their voice. The joy of Croma was great:

hind ſhew more of the good ear, than of the poetical genius of their authors. The tranſlator has only met with one poem of this ſort, which he thinks worthy of being preſerved. It is a thouſand years later than Oſſian, but the authors ſeem to have obſerved his manner, and adopted ſome of his expreſſions. The ſtory of it is this. Five barn, paſſing the night in the houſe of a chief, who was a poet himſelf, went ſeverally to make their obſervations on, and returned with an extempore deſcription of, night. The night happened to be one in October, as appears from the poem; and in the north of Scotland, it has all that variety which the bards aſcribe to it, in their deſcriptions.

FIRST BARD.

Night is dull and dark. The clouds reſt on the hills. No ſtar with green trembling beam; no moon looks from the ſky. I hear the blaſt in the wood; but I hear it diſtant far. The ſtream of the valley murmurs; but its murmur is ſullen and ſad. From the tree at the grave of the dead the long-howling owl is

great: for peace returned to the land. The nigh came on with ſilence, and the morning returned with joy.

is heard. I ſee a dim form on the plain! — It is a ghoſt! — it fades — it flies. Some funeral ſhall paſs this way: the meteor marks the path.

The diſtant dog is howling from the hut of the hill. The ſtag lies on the mountain moſs: the hind is at his ſide. She hears the wind in his branchy horns. She ſtarts, but lies again.

The roe is in the cleft of the rock; the heath-cocks head is beneath his wing. No beaſt, no bird is abroad, but the owl and the howling fox. She on a leafleſs tree: he in a cloud on the hill.

Dark, panting, trembling, ſad the traveller has loſt his way. Through ſhrubs, through thorns, he goes, along the gurgling rill. He fears the rock and the ſen. He fears the ghoſt of night. The old tree groans to the blaſt; the falling branch reſounds. The wind drives the withered burs, clung together, along the graſs. It is the light tread of a ghoſt! — He trembles amidſt the night.

Dark, duſky, howling is night, cloudy, windy, and full of ghoſts! The dead are abroad! my friends, receive me from the night.

joy. No foe came in darkneſs, with his glittering ſpear. The joy of Croma was great; for the gloomy Rothmar was fallen.

I

SECOND BARD.

The wind is up. The ſhower deſcends. The ſpirit of the mountain ſhrieks. Woods fall from high. Windows flap. The growing river roars. The traveller attempts the ford. Hark that ſhriek! he dies: — The ſtorm drives the horſe from the hill, the goat, the lowing cow. They tremble as drives the ſhower, beſide the mouldering bank.

The hunter ſtarts from ſleep, in his lonely hut; he wakes the fire decayed. His wet dogs ſmoke around him. He fills the chinks with heath. Loud roar two mountain ſtreams which meet beſide his booth.

Sad on the ſide of a hill the wandering ſhepherd ſits. The tree reſounds above him. The ſtream roars down the rock. He waits for the riſing moon to guide him to his home.

Ghoſts ride on the ſtorm to-night. Sweet is their voice between the ſqualls of wind. Their ſongs are of other worlds.

The

I raiſed my voice for Fovar-gormo, when they laid the chief in earth. The aged Crothar was there, but his ſigh was not heard. He ſearched for the wound

The rain is paſt. The dry wind blows. Streams roar, and windows flap. Cold drops fall from the roof. I ſee the ſtarry ſky. But the ſhower gathers again. The weſt is gloomy and dark. Night is ſtormy and diſmal; receive me, my friends, from night.

THIRD BARD.

The wind ſtill ſounds between the hills: and whiſtles through the graſs of the rock. The firs fall from their place. The turfy hut is torn. The clouds, divided, fly over the ſky, and ſhew the burning ſtars. The meteor, token of death! flies ſparkling through the gloom. It reſts on the hill. I ſee the withered fern, the dark-browed rock, the fallen oak. Who is that in his ſhrowd beneath the tree, by the ſtream?

The waves dark-tumble on the lake, and laſh its rocky ſides. The boat is brimful in the cove; the oars on the rocking tide. A maid ſits ſad beſide the rock, and eyes the rolling ſtream. Her lover

wound of his ſon, and found it in his breaſt. Joy roſe in the face of the aged. He came and ſpoke to Oſſian.

King

promiſed to come. She ſaw his boat, when yet it was light, on the lake. Is this his broken boat on the ſhore? Are theſe his groans on the wind?

Hark! the hail rattles around. The flaky ſnow deſcends. The tops of the hills are white. The ſtormy winds abate. Various is the night and cold; receive me, my friends, from night.

FOURTH BARD.

Night is calm and fair; blue, ſtarry, ſettled is night. The winds, with the clouds, are gone. They ſink behind the hill. The moon is up on the mountain. Trees glitter: ſtreams ſhine on the rock. Bright rolls the ſettled lake; bright the ſtream of the vale.

I ſee the trees overturned; the ſhocks of corn on the plain. The wakeful hind rebuilds the ſhocks, and whiſtles on the diſtant field.

Calm, ſettled, fair is night! — Who comes from the place of the dead? That form with the robe

King of ſpears! he ſaid, my ſon has not fallen without his fame. The young warrior did not fly: but met death, as he went forward in his ſtrength. Happy

robe of ſnow; white arms and dark-brown hair! It is the daughter of the chief of the people; ſhe that lately fell! Come, let us view thee, O maid! thou that haſt been the delight of heroes! The blaſt drives the phantom away; white, without form, it aſcends the hill.

The breezes drive the blue miſt, ſlowly over the narrow vale. It riſes on the hill, and joins its head to heaven. — Night is ſettled, calm, blue, ſtarry, bright with the moon. Receive me not, my friends, for lovely is the night.

FIFTH BARD.

Night is calm, but dreary. The moon is in a cloud in the weſt. Slow moves that pale beam along the ſhaded hill. The diſtant wave is heard. The torrent murmurs on the rock. The cock is heard from the booth. More than half the night is paſt. The houſe-wife, groping in the gloom, rekindles the ſettled fire. The hunter thinks that day approaches, and calls his bounding dogs. He aſcends

Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is heard! The feeble will not behold them in the hall; or

the hill and whiſtles on his way. A blaſt removes the cloud. He ſees the ſtarry plough of the north. Much of the night is to paſs. He nods by the moſſy rock.

Hark! the whirlwind is in the wood! A low murmur in the vale! It is the mighty army of the dead returning from the air.

The moon reſts behind the hill. The beam is ſtill on that loſty rock. Long are the ſhadows of the trees. Now it is dark over all. Night is dreary, ſilent, and dark; receive me, my friends, from night.

The CHIEF.

Let clouds reſt on the hills: ſpirits fly and travellers fear. Let the winds of the woods ariſe, the ſounding ſtorms deſcends. Roar ſtreams and windows flap, and green winged meteors fly; riſe the pale moon from behind her hills, or incloſe her head in clouds; night is alike to me, blue, ſtormy, or gloomy the ſky. Night flies before the beam, when it

or ſmile at their trembling hands. Their memory ſhall be honoured in the ſong; the young tear of the virgin falls. But the aged wither away, by degrees, and

it is poured on the hill. The young day returns from his clouds, but we return no more.

Where are our chiefs of old? Where our kings of mighty name? The fields of their battles are ſilent. Scarce their moſſy tombs remain. We ſhall alſo be forgot. This lofty houſe ſhall fall. Our ſons ſhall not behold the ruins in graſs. They ſhall aſk of the aged, "Where ſtood the walls of our fathers?"

Raiſe the ſong, and ſtrike the harp; ſend round the ſhells of joy. Suſpend a hundred tapers on high. Youths and maids begin the dance. Let ſome gray bard be near me to tell the deeds of other times; of kings renowned in our land, of chiefs we behold no more. Thus ſet the nigth paſs until morning ſhall appear in our halls. Then let the bow be at hand, the dogs, the youths of the chace. We ſhall aſcend the hill with day; and awake the deer.

and the fame of their youth begins to be forgot. They fall in ſecret; the ſigh of their ſon is not heard. Joy is around their tomb; and the ſtone of their fame is placed without a tear. Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is around them!

BERRA-

BERRATHON:

A

POEM.

BERRATHON:

A POEM. *)

Bend thy blue courſe, O ſtream, round the narrow plain of Lutha **). Let the green woods hang over it from their mountains: and the ſun look on

*) This poem is reputed to have been compoſed by Oſſian, a little time before his death; and conſequently it is known in tradition by no other name than *Oſſian's laſt hymn.* The tranſlator has taken the liberty to call it *Berrathon*, from the epiſode concerning the re-eſtabliſhment of Larthmor king of that iſland, after he had been dethroned by his own ſon Uthal. Fingal in his voyage to Lochlin [Fing. B. III.] whither

**) Lutha, *ſwift ſtream.* It is impoſſible, at this diſtance of time, to aſcertain where the ſcene here deſcribed lies. Tradition is ſilent on that head, and there is nothing in the poem from which a conjecture can be drawn.

on it at noon. The thiſtle is there on its rock, and ſhakes its beard to the wind. The flower hangs its heavy

whither he had been invited by Starno the father of Agandecca, ſo often mentioned in Oſſian's poems, touched at Berrathon, an iſland of Scandinavia, where he was kindly entertained by Larthmor the petty king of the place, who was a vaſſal of the ſupreme kings of Lochlin. The hoſpitality of Larthmor gained him Fingal's friendſhip, which that hero manifeſted, after the impriſonment of Larthmor by his own ſon, by ſending Oſſian and Toſcar, the father of Malvina ſo often mentioned, to reſcue Larthmor, and to puniſh the unnatural behaviour of Uthal. Uthal was handſome to a proverb, and conſequently much admired by the ladies. Nina-thoma the beautiful daughter of Torthóma, a neighbouring prince, fell in love and fled with him. He proved unconſtant; for another lady, whoſe name is not mentioned, gaining his affections, he confined Nina-thoma to a deſart iſland near the coaſt of Berrathon. She was relieved by Oſſian, who, in company with Toſcar, landing on Berrathon, defeated the forces of Uthal, and killed him in a ſingle combat. Nina-thoma, whoſe love not all the bad behaviour

heavy head, waving, at times, to the gale. Why doſt thou awake me, O gale, it ſeems to ſay, I am covered with the drops of heaven? The time of my fading is near, and the blaſt that ſhall ſcatter my leaves.

viour of Uthal could eraſe, hearing of his death, died of grief. In the mean time Larthmor is reſtored, and Oſſian and Toſcar returned in triumph to Fingal.

The preſent poem opens with an elegy on the death of Malvina the daughter of Toſcar, and cloſes with preſages of the poet's death. It is almoſt altogether in a lyric meaſure, and has that melancholy air which diſtinguiſhes the remains of the works of Oſſian. If ever he compoſed any thing of a merry turn it is long ſince loſt. The ſerious and melancholy make the moſt laſting impreſſions on the human mind, and bid faireſt for being tranſmitted from generation to generation by tradition. Nor is it probable that Oſſian dealt much in chearful compoſition. Melancholy is ſo much the companion of a great genius, that it is difficult to ſeparate the idea of levity from chearfulneſs, which is ſometimes the mark of an amiable diſpoſition, but never the characteriſtic of elevated parts.

ves. To-morrow ſhall the traveller come, he that ſaw me in my beauty ſhall come; his eyes will ſearch the field, but they will not find me? --- So ſhall they ſearch in vain, for the voice of Cona, after it has failed in the field. The hunter ſhall come forth in the morning, and the voice of my harp ſhall not be heard. "Where is the ſon of car-borne Fingal?" The tear will be on his cheek.

Then come thou, O Malvina *), with all thy muſic, come: lay Oſſian in the plain of Lutha: let his tomb riſe in the lovely field. --- Malvina! where art thou, with thy ſongs: with the ſoft ſound of thy ſteps? --- Son **) of Alpin art thou near? where is the daughter of Toſcar?

I paſſed, O ſon of Fingel, by Tar-lutha's moſſy walls. The ſmoke of the hall was ceaſed: ſilence was among the trees of the hill. The voice of the chace was

*) Mal-mhina, *ſoft or lovely brow. Mh* in the Galic language has the ſame ſound with *v* in Engliſh.

**) Tradition has not handed down the name of this ſon of Alpin. His father was one of Fingal's principal bards, and he appears himſelf to have had a poetical genius.

was over. I ſaw the daughters of the bow. I aſked about Malvina, but they anſwered not. They turned their faces away: thin darkneſs covered their beauty. They were like ſtars, on a rainy hill, by night, each looking faintly through her miſt.

Pleaſant *) be thy reſt, O lovely beam! ſoon haſt thou ſet on our hills! The ſteps of thy departure were ſtately, like the moon on the blue, trembling wave. But thou haſt left us in darkneſs, firſt of the maids of Lutha! We ſit, at the rock, and there is no voice; no light but the meteor of fire! Soon haſt thou ſet, Malvina, daughter of generous Toſcar!

But thou riſeſt like the beam of the eaſt, among the ſpirits of thy friends, where they ſit in their ſtormy halls, the chambers of the thunder. —— A cloud hovers over Cona: its blue curling ſides are high. The winds are beneath it, with their wings; within it is the dwelling **) of Fingal. There the hero ſits in darkneſs;

*) Oſſian ſpeaks. He calls Malvina a beam of light, and continues the metaphor throughout the paragraph.

**) The deſcription of this ideal palace of Fingal is very poetical, and agreeable to the notions of thoſe

darkneſs; his airy ſpear is in his hand. His ſhield half covered with clouds, is like the darkened moon; when one half ſtill remains in the wave, and the other looks ſickly on the field.

His friends ſit around the king, on miſt; and hear the ſongs of Ullin: he ſtrikes the half-viewleſs harp; and raiſes the feeble voice. The leſſer heroes, with a thouſand meteors, light the airy hall. Malvina riſes, in the midſt; a bluſh is on her cheek. She beholds the unknown faces of her fathers, and turns aſide her humid eyes.

Art thou come ſo ſoon, ſaid Fingal, daughter of generous Toſcar? Sadneſs dwells in the halls of Lutha. My aged ſon*) is ſad. I hear the breeze of Cona, that

times, concerning the ſtate of the deceaſed, who were ſuppoſed to purſue, after death, the pleaſures and employments of their former life. The ſituation of Oſſian's heroes, in their ſeparate ſtate, if not entirely happy, is more agreeable, than the notions of the ancient Greeks concerning their departed heroes. See Hom. Odyſſ. l. 11.

*) Oſſian, who had a great friendſhip for Malvina, both on account of her love for his ſon Oſcar, and her attention to his own poems.

that was wont to lift thy heavy locks. It comes to the hall, but thou art not there; its voice is mournful among the arms of thy fathers. Go with thy ruſtling wing, O breeze! and ſigh on Malvina's tomb. It riſes yonder beneath the rock, at the blue ſtream of Lutha. The maids *) are departed to their place; and thou alone, O breeze, mourneſt there.

But who comes from the duſky weſt, ſupported on a cloud? A ſmile is on his gray, watry face; his locks of miſt fly on the wind: he bend forward on his airy ſpear: it is thy father, Malvina! Why ſhineſt thou, ſo ſoon, on our clouds, he ſays, o lovely light of

*) That is, the young virgins who ſung the funeral elegy over her tomb.

**) Oſſian, by way of diſreſpect, calls thoſe, who ſucceeded the heroes whoſe actions he celebrates, *the ſons of little men.* Tradition is entirely ſilent concerning what paſſed in the north, immediately after the death of Fingal and all his heroes; but it appears from that term of ignominy juſt mentioned, that the actions of their ſucceſſors were not to be compared to thoſe of the renowned Fingalians.

of Lutha! — But thou wert ſad, my daughter, for thy friends were paſſed away. The ſons of little men **) were in the hall; and none remained of the heroes, but Oſſian king of ſpears.

And doſt thou remember Oſſian, car-borne Toſcar *) ſon of Conloch? The battles of our youth were many; our ſwords went together to the field. They ſaw us coming like two falling rocks; and the ſons of the ſtranger fled. There come the warriors of Cona; they ſaid; their ſteps are in the paths of the vanquiſhed.

Draw near, ſon of Alpin, to the ſong of the aged. The actions of other times are in my ſoul: my memory beams on the days that are paſt. On the days of the mighty Toſcar, when our path was in the deep. Draw near, ſon of Alpin, to the laſt ſound **) of the voice of Cona.

The

*) Toſcar was the ſon of that Conloch, who was alſo father to the lady, whoſe unfortunate death is related in the laſt epiſode of the ſecond book of Fingal.

**) Oſſian ſeems to intimate by this expreſſion, that this poem was the laſt of his compoſition; ſo that there is ſome foundation for the traditional title of *the laſt hymn of Oſſian.*

The king of Morven commanded, and I raiſed my ſails to the wind. Toſcar chief of Lutha ſtood at my ſide, as I roſe on the dark-blue wave. Our courſe was to ſea-ſurrounded Berrathon *), the iſle of many ſtorms. There dwelt, with his locks of age, the ſtately ſtrength of Larthmor. Larthmor who ſpread the feaſt of ſhells to Comhal's mighty ſon, when he went to Starno's halls, in the days of Agandecca. But when the chief was old, the pride of his ſon aroſe, the pride of fair-haired Uthal, the love of a thouſand maids. He bound the aged Larthmor, and dwelt in his ſounding halls.

Long pined the king in his cave, beſide his rolling ſea. Morning did not come to his dwelling; nor the burning oak by night. But the wind of ocean was there, and the parting beam of the moon. The red ſtar looked on the king, when it trembled on the weſtern wave. Snitho came to Selma's hall: Snitho compa-

*) Barrathôn, *a promontory in the midſt of waves.* The poet gives it the epithet of ſea-ſurrounded, to prevent its being taken for a peninſula in the literal ſenſe.

companion of Larthmor's youth. He told of the king of Berrathon: the wrath of Fingal roſe. Thrice he aſſumed the ſpear, reſolved to ſtretch his hand to Uthal. But the memory *) of his actions roſe before the king, and he ſent his ſon and Toſcar. Our joy was great on the rolling ſea; and we often half unſheathed our ſwords **). For never before had we fought alone, in the battles of the ſpear. Night came down on the ocean;

*) The meaning of the poet is, that Fingal remembered his own great actions; and conſequently would not ſully them by engaging in a petty war againſt Uthal, who was ſo far his inferior in valour and power.

**) The impatience of young warriors, going on their firſt expedition, is well marked by their half-drawing their ſwords. The modeſty of Oſſian, in his narration of a ſtory which does him ſo much honour, is remarkable; and his humanity to Ninathoma would grace a hero of our own poliſhed age. Though Oſſian paſſes over his own actions in ſilence, or ſlightly mentions them; tradition has done ample juſtice to his martial fame, and perhaps has exaggerated the actions of the poet beyond the bounds of credibility.

ocean; the winds departed on their wings. Cold and pale is the moon. The red ſtars lift their heads. Our courſe is ſlow along the coaſt of Berrathon; the white waves tumble on the rocks.

What voice is that, ſaid Toſcar, which comes between the ſounds of the waves? It is ſoft but mournful, like the voice of departed bards. But I behold the maid *), ſhe ſits on the rock alone. Her head bends on her arm of ſnow: her dark hair is in the wind. Hear, ſon of Fingal, her ſong, it is ſmooth as the gliding waters of Lavath. — We came to the ſilent bay, and heard the maid of night.

How long will ye roll around me, blue-tumbling waters of ocean? My dwelling was not always in caves, nor beneath the whiſtling tree. The feaſt was ſpread in Trothóma's hall; my father delighted in my voice. The youths beheld me in the ſteps of my lovelineſs, and they bleſſed the dark-haired Nina-thoma. It was then thou didſt come, O Uthal! like the ſun of heaven. The ſouls of the virgins are thine, ſon of generous

*) Nina-thoma the daughter of Torthóma, who had been confined to a defart iſland by her lover Uthal.

rous Larthmor! But why doſt thou leave me alone in the midſt of roaring waters. Was my ſoul dark with thy death? Did my white hand lift the ſword? Why then haſt thou left me alone, king of high Finthormo!*)

The tear ſtarted from my eye, when I heard the voice of the maid. I ſtood before her in my arms, and ſpoke the words of peace. —— Lovely dweller of the cave, what ſigh is in that breaſt? Shall Oſſian lift his ſword in thy preſence, the deſtruction of thy foes? — Daughter of Torthóma, riſe, I have heard the words of thy grief. The race of Morven are around thee, who never injured the weak. Come to our dark-boſomed ſhip, thou brighter than that ſetting moon. Our courſe is to the rocky Berrathon, to the echoing walls of Finthormo. —— She came in her beauty, ſhe came with all her lovely ſteps. Silent joy brightened in her face, as when the ſhadows fly from the field of ſpring; the blue-ſtream is rolling in brightneſs, and the green buſh bends over its courſe.

The

*) Finthormo, the palace of Uthal. The names in this epiſode are not of a Celtic original; which makes it probable that Oſſian founds his poem on a true ſtory.

The morning roſe with its beams. We came to Rothma's bay. A boar ruſhed from the wood; my ſpear pierced his ſide. I rejoiced over the blood *), and foreſaw my growing fame. —— But now the ſound of Uthal's train came from the high Finthormo; they ſpread over the heath to the chace of the boar. Himſelf comes ſlowly on, in the pride of his ſtrength. He lifts two pointed ſpears. On his ſide is the hero's ſword. Three youths carry his poliſhed bows: the bounding of five dogs is before him. His warriors move on, at a diſtance, admiring the ſteps of the king. Stately was the ſon of Larthmor! but his ſoul was dark. Dark as the troubled face of the moon, when it foretels the ſtorms.

We roſe on the heath before the king; he ſtopt in the midſt of his courſe. His warriors gathered around,

*) Oſſian thought that his killing the boar, on his firſt landing in Berrathon, was a good omen of his future ſucceſs in that iſland. The preſent highlanders look, with a degree of ſuperſtition, upon the ſucceſs of their firſt action, after they have engaged in any deſperate undertaking.

around, and a gray-haired bard advanced. Whence are the ſons of the ſtrangers? begun the bard. The children of the unhappy come to Berrathon; to the ſword of car-borne Uthal. He ſpreads no feaſt in his hall: the blood of ſtrangers is on his ſtreams. If from Selma's walls ye come, from the moſſy walls of Fingal, chuſe three youths to go to your king to tell of the falls of his people. Perhaps the hero may come and pour his blood on Uthal's ſword; ſo ſhall the fame of Finthormo ariſe, like the growing tree of the vale.

Never will it riſe, O bard, I ſaid in the pride of my wrath. He would ſhrink in the preſence of Fingal, whoſe eyes are the flames of death. The ſon of Comhal comes, and the kings vaniſh in his preſence; they are rolled together, like miſt, by the breath of his rage. Shall three tell to Fingal, that his people fell? Yes! — they may tell it, bard! but his people ſhall fall with fame.

I ſtood in the darkneſs of my ſtrength; Toſcar drew his ſword at my ſide. The foe came on like a ſtream: the mingled ſound of death aroſe. Man took man, ſhield met ſhield; ſteel mixed its beams with ſteel.

ſteel. --- Darts hiſs through air; ſpears ring on mails; and ſword on broken bucklers bound. As the noiſe of an aged grove beneath the roaring wind, when a thouſand ghoſts break the trees by night, ſuch was the din of arms. ——— But Uthal fell beneath my ſword; and the tear hung in my eye. Thou art fallen *), young tree, I ſaid, with all thy beauty round thee. Thou art fallen on thy plains, and the field is bare. The winds come from the deſart, and there is no ſound in thy leaves! Lovely art thou in death, ſon of car-borne Larthmor.

Nina-

*) To mourn over the fall of their enemies was a practice univerſal among Oſſian's heroes. This is more agreeable to humanity, than the ſhameful inſulting of the dead, ſo common in Homer, and after him, ſervilely copied by all his imitators, the humane Virgil not excepted, who have been more ſucceſsful in borrowing the imperfections of that great poet, than in their imitations of his beauties. Homer, it is probable, gave the manners of the times in which he wrote, not his own ſentiments: Oſſian alſo ſeems to keep to the ſentiments of his heroes. The reverence, which the moſt barbarous highlanders have ſtill for the remains of the deceaſed, ſeems to have deſcended to them from their moſt remote anceſtors.

Nina thoma ſat on the ſhore, and heard the ſound of battle. She turned her red eyes on Lethmal the gray-haired bard of Selma! for he had remained on the coaſt, with the daughter of Torthóma. Son of the times of old! ſhe ſaid, I hear the noiſe of death. Thy friends have met with Uthal and the chief is low! O that I had remained on the rock, incloſed with the tumbling waves! Then would my ſoul be ſad, but his death would not reach my ear. Art thou fallen on thy heath, O ſon of high Finthormo! thou didſt leave me on a rock, but my ſoul was full of thee. Son of high Finthormo! art thou fallen on thy heath?

She roſe pale in her tears, and ſaw the bloody ſhield of Uthal; ſhe ſaw it in Oſſian's hand; her ſteps were diſtracted on the heath. She flew; ſhe found him; ſhe fell. Her ſoul came forth in a ſigh. Her hair is ſpread on his face. My burſting tears deſcend. A tomb aroſe on the unhappy; and my ſong was heard.

Reſt, hapleſs children of youth! at the noiſe of that moſſy ſtream, The virgins will ſee your tomb, at the chace, and turn away their weeping eyes. Your fame will be in the ſong; the voice of the harp will

will be heard in your praiſe. The daughters of Selma ſhal hear it; and your renown ſhall be in other lands. — Reſt, children of youth, at the noiſe of the moſſy ſtream.

Two days we remained on the coaſt. The heroes of Berrathon convened. We brought Larthmor to his halls; the feaſt of ſhells was ſpread. — The joy of the aged was great; he looked to the arms of his fathers; the arms which he left in his hall, when the pride of Uthal aroſe. —— We were renowned before Larthmor, and he bleſſed the chiefs of Morven; but he knew not that his ſon was low, the ſtately ſtrength of Uthal. They had told, that he had retired to the woods, with the tears of grief; they had told it, but he was ſilent in the tomb of Rothma's heath.

On the fourth day we raiſed our ſails to the roar of the northern wind. Larthmor came to the coaſt, and his bards raiſed the ſong. The joy of the king was great, he looked to Rothma's gloomy heath; he ſaw the tomb of his ſon; and the memory of Uthal roſe. —— Who of my heroes, he ſaid, lies there: he ſeems to have been of the kings of ſpears? Was he renowned in my halls, before the pride of Uthal roſe?

Ye

Ye are ſilent, ye ſons of Berrathon, is the king of heroes low? — My heart melts for thee, O Uthal: though thy hand was againſt thy father. —— O that I had remained in the cave! that my ſon had dwelt in Finthormo! —— I might have heard the tread of his feet, when he went to the chace of the boar. --- I might have heard his voice on the blaſt of my cave. Then would my ſoul be glad: but now darkneſs dwells in my halls.

Such were my deeds, ſon of Alpin, when the arm of my youth was ſtrong; ſuch were *) the actions of Toſcar, the car-corne ſon of Conloch. But Toſcar is on his flying cloud; and I am alone at Lutha: my voice is like the laſt ſound of the wind, when it forſakes the woods. But Oſſian ſhall not be long alone, he ſees the miſt that ſhall receive his ghoſt. He beholds the miſt that ſhall form his robe, when he appears on his hills. The ſons of little men ſhall behold me, and admire the ſtature of the chiefs of old. They ſhall creep to their caves, and look to the ſky with fear; for my ſteps ſhall be in the clouds, and darkneſs ſhall roll on my ſide.

Lead,

*) Oſſian ſpeaks.

Lead, ſon of Alpin, lead the aged to his woods. The winds begin to riſe. The dark wave of the lake reſounds. Bends there not a tree from Mora with its branches bare? It bends, ſon of Alpin, in the ruſtling blaſt. My harp hangs on a blaſted branch. The ſound of its ſtrings is mournful. —— Does the wind touch thee, O harp, or is it ſome paſſing ghoſt! —— It is the hand of Malvina! but bring me the harp, ſon of Alpin; another ſong ſhall riſe. My ſoul ſhall depart in the ſound; my fathers ſhall hear it in their airy hall. — Their dim faces ſhall hang, with joy, from their clouds; and their hands receive their ſon.

*) The aged oak bends over the ſtream. It ſighs with all its moſs. The withered fern whiſtles near, and mixes, as it waves, with Oſſian's hair. —— Strike the harp and raiſe the ſong: be near, with all your wings, ye winds. Bear the mournful ſound away to Fingal's airy hall. Bear it to Fingal's hall, that he may

*) Here begins the lyric piece, with which, tradition ſays, Oſſian concluded his poems. — It is ſet to muſic, and ſtill ſung in the north, with a great deal of wild ſimplicity, but little variety of ſound.

may hear the voice of his ſon; the voice of him that praiſed the mighty. — The blaſt of the north opens thy gates, O king, and I behold thee ſitting on miſt, dimly gleaming in all thine arms. Thy form now is not the terror of the valiant: but like a watery cloud; when we ſee the ſtars behind it with their weeping eyes. Thy ſhield is like the aged moon: thy ſword a vapour half-kindled with fire. Dim and feeble is the chief, who travelled in brightneſs before. —

But thy ſteps *) are on the winds of the deſart, and the ſtorms darken in thy hand. Thou takeſt the ſun

*) This magnificent deſcription of the power of Fingal over the winds and ſtorms, and the image of his taking the ſun, and hiding him in the clouds, do not correſpond with the preceding paragraph, where he is repreſented as a feeble ghoſt, and no more the TERROR OF THE VALIANT; but it agrees with the notion of the times concerning the ſouls of the deceaſed, who, it was ſuppoſed, had the command of the winds and ſtorms, but in combat were not a match for valiant men.

ſun in thy wrath, and hideſt him in thy clouds. The ſons of little men are afraid; and a thouſand ſhowers deſcend. ——

But when thou comeſt forth in thy mildneſs; the gale of the morning is near thy courſe. The ſun laughs in his blue fields; and the gray ſtream winds in its valley, — The buſhes ſhake their green heads in the wind. The roes bound towards the deſart.

But there is a murmur in the heath! the ſtormy winds abate! I hear the voice of Fingal. Long has it been abſent from mine ear! —— Come, Oſſian, come

It was the immoderate praiſe beſtowed by the poets on their departed friends, that gave the firſt hint to ſuperſtition to deify the deceaſed heroes; and thoſe new divinities owed all their attributes to the fancy of the bard who ſung their elegies.

We do not find, that the praiſes of Fingal had this effect upon his countrymen; but that is to be imputed to the idea they had of power, which they always connected with bodily ſtrength and perſonal valour, both which were diſſolved by death.

come away, he ſays: Fingal has received his fame. We paſſed away, like flames that had ſhone for a ſeaſon, our departure was in renown. Though the plains of our battles are dark and ſilent; our fame is in the four gray ſtones. The voice of Oſſian has been heard; and the harp was ſtrung in Selma. — Come, Oſſian, come away, he ſays, and fly with thy fathers on clouds.

And come I will, thou king of men! the life of Oſſian fails. I begin to vaniſh on Cona; and my ſteps are not ſeen in Selma. Beſide the ſtone of Mora I ſhall fall aſleep. The winds whiſtling in my grey hair ſhall not waken me. —— Depart on thy wings, O wind: thou canſt not diſturb the reſt of the bard. The night is long, but his eyes are heavy; depart, thou ruſtling blaſt.

But why art thou ſad, ſon of Fingal? Why grows the cloud of thy ſoul? The chiefs of other times are departed; they have gone without their fame. The ſons of future years ſhall paſs away; and another race ariſe. The people are like the waves of

ocean: like the leaves *) of woody Morven, they paſs away in the ruſtling blaſt, and other leaves lift their green heads. ———

Did thy beauty laſt, O Ryno **)? Stood the ſtrength of car-borne Oſcar? Fingal himſelf paſſed away;

*) The ſame thought may be found almoſt in the ſame words, in Homer, vi. 46.

Οἵη περ φύλλων γενεὴ, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
Φύλλα τα μὲν τ' ἄνεμος χαμάδις χέει, ἄλλα δε θ' ὕγη
Τυλεθόωσα φύει ἔαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρη.

Mr. Pope falls ſhort of his original; in particular he has omitted altogether the beautiful image of the wind ſtrewing the withered leaves on the ground.

Like leaves on trees the race of men are found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground;
Another race the following ſpring ſupplies;
They fall ſucceſſive, and ſucceſſive riſe.

Pope.

**) Ryno, the ſon of Fingal, who was killed in Ireland, in the war againſt Swaran, [Fing. b. 5.] was remar-

away; and the halls of his fathers forgot his ſteps. — and ſhalt thou remain, aged bard! when the mighty have

kable for the beauty of his perſon, his ſwiftneſs and great exploits. Minvane, the daughter of Morni, and ſiſter to Gaul ſo mentioned in Oſſian's compoſitions, was in love with Ryno. — Her lamentation over her lover is introduced as an epiſode in one of Oſſian's great poems. The lamentation is the only part of the poem now extant, and as it has ſome poetical merit, I have ſubjoined it to this note. The poet repreſents Minvane as ſeeing, from one of the rocks of Morven, the fleet of Fingal returning from Ireland.

She bluſhing ſad, from Morven's rocks, bends over the darkly-rolling ſea. She ſaw the youths in all their arms. — Where, Ryno, where art thou?

Our dark looks told that he was low! — That pale the hero flew on clouds! That in the graſs of Morven's hills, his feeble voice was heard in wind!

And is the ſon of Fingal fallen, on Ullin's moſſy plains? Strong was the arm that conquered him! — Ah me! I am alone.

Alone

have failed? ——— But my fame ſhall remain, and grow like the oak of Morven; which lifts its broad head

Alone I will not be, ye winds! that lift my dark-brown hair. My ſighs will not long mix with your ſtream; for I muſt ſleep with Ryno.

I ſee thee not with beauty's ſteps returning from the chace. — The night is round Minvane's love; and ſilence dwells with Ryno.

Where are thy dogs, and were thy bow? Thy ſhield that was ſo ſtrong? Thy ſword like heaven's deſcending fire? The bloody ſpear of Ryno.

I ſee them mixed in thy ſhip; I ſee them ſtained with blood. — No arms are in thy narrow hall, O darkly-dwelling Ryno!

When will the morning come, and ſay, ariſe, thou king of ſpears! ariſe, the hunters are abroad. The hinds are near thee, Ryno!

Away, thou fair-haired morning, away! the ſlumbering king hears thee not! The hinds bound over his narrow tomb; for death dwells round young Ryno.

head to the ſtorm, and rejoices in the courſe of the wind.

But I will tread ſoftly, my king! and ſteal to the bed of thy repoſe. Minvane will lie in ſilence, near her ſlumbering Ryno.

The maids ſhall ſeek me; but they ſhall not find me: they ſhall follow my departure with ſongs. But I will not hear you, O maids: I ſleep with fair-haired Ryno.

CATHLIN

CATHLIN
OF
CLUTHA:
A
POEM.

ARGUMENT.

An addreſs to Malvina, the daughter of Toſcar. — The poet relates the arrival of Cathlin in Selma, to ſolicit aid againſt Duth-carmor of Cluba, who had killed Cathmol, for the ſake of his daughter Lanul. — Fingal declining to make a choice among his heroes, who were all claiming the command of the expedition; they retired *each to his hill of ghoſts*; to be determined by dreams. The ſpirit of Trenmor appears to Oſſian and Oſcar: they ſail, from the bay of Carmona, and, on the fourth day, appear off the valley of Rath-col, in Inis-huna, where Duth-carmor had fixed his reſidence. —— Oſſian diſpatches a bard to Duth-carmor to demand battle. — Night comes on. — The diſtreſs of Cathlin of Clutha. — Oſſian devolves the command on Oſcar, who, according to the cuſtom of the kings of Morven, before battle, retired to a neighbouring hill. — Upon the coming on of day, the battle joins. — Oſcar and Duth-carmor meet. The latter falls. — Oſcar carries the mail and helmet of Duth-carmor to Cathlin, who had retired from the field. Cathlin is diſcovered to be the daughter of Cathmol, in diſguiſe, who had been carried off, by force, by, and had made her eſcape from, Duth-carmor.

CATHLIN OF CLUTHA:

A POEM.

*) Come, thou beam that art lonely, from watching in the night! The ſqually winds are around thee, from all their echoing hills. Red, over my hundred ſtreams, are the light-covered path of the dead.

*) The traditions, which accompany this poem, inform us, that both it, and the ſucceeding piece, went, of old, under the name of *Laoi-Oi-lutha*; i. e. the *hymns of the maid of Lutha*. They pretend alſo to fix the time of its compoſition to the third year after the death of Fingal; that is, during the expedition of Fergus the ſon of Fingal, to the banks of *Uiſca duthon*. In ſupport of this opinion, the Highland ſenachies have prefixed to this poem, an

dead. They rejoice, on the eddying winds, in the ſtill ſeaſon of night. — Dwells there no joy in ſong, white hand of the harps of Lutha? Awake the voice of the ſtring, and roll my ſoul to me. It is a ſtream that has failed. — Malvina pour the ſong.

I hear

addreſs of Oſſian, to Congal the young ſon of Fergus, which I have rejected, as having no manner of connection with the reſt of the piece. —— It has poetical merit; and, probably, it was the opening of one of Oſſian's other poems, tho' the bards injudiciouſly transferred it to the piece now before us.

"Congal ſon of Fergus of Durath, thou light between thy locks, aſcend to the rock of Selma, to the oak of the breaker of ſhields Look over the boſom of night, it is ſtreaked with the red paths of the dead: look on the night of ghoſts, and kindle, O Congal, thy ſoul. Be not, like the moon on a ſtream, lonely in the midſt of clouds: darkneſs cloſes around it; and the beam departs. — Depart not, ſon of Fergus, ere thou markeſt the field with thy ſword. Aſcend to the rock of Selma; to the oak of the breaker of ſhields."

I hear thee, from thy darkneſs, in Selma, thou that watcheſt, lonely, by night! Why didſt thou with-hold the ſong, from Oſſian's failing ſoul? —— As the falling brook to the ear of the hunter, deſcending from his ſtorm-covered hill; in a ſun-beam rolls the echoing ſtream; he hears, and ſkakes his dewy locks: ſuch is the voice of Lutha, to the friend of the ſpirits of heroes. — My ſwelling boſom beats high. I look back on the days that are paſt. —— Come, thou beam that art lonely, from the watching of night.

In the echoing bay of Carmona *) we ſaw, one day, the bounding ſhip. On high, hung a broken ſhield;

*) Car-mona, *bay of the dark brown hills*, an arm of the ſea, in the neighbourhood of Selma. — In this paragraph are mentioned the ſignals preſented to Fingal, by thoſe who came to demand his aid. The ſuppliants held, in one hand, a ſhield covered with blood, and, in the other, a broken ſpear; the firſt a ſymbol of the death of their friends, the laſt an emblem of their own helpleſs ſituation. If the king choſe to grant ſuccours, which generally was the caſe, he reached to them *the ſhell of feaſts*, as a token

ſhield; it was marked with wandering blood. Forward came a youth, in armour, and ſtretched his pointleſs ſpear. Long, over his tearful eyes, hung looſe his diſordered locks. Fingal gave the ſhell of kings. The words of the ſtranger aroſe.

In

ken of his hoſpitality and friendly intentions towards them.

It may not be diſagreeable to the reader to lay here before him the ceremony of the Cran-tara, which was of a ſimilar nature, and, till very lately, uſed in the Highlands. — When the news of an enemy came to the reſidence of the chief, he immediately killed a goat with his own ſword, dipped the end of an half burnt piece of wood in the blood, and gave it to one of his ſervants, to be carried to the next hamlet. From hamlet to hamlet this *teſſera* was carried with the utmoſt expedition, and, in the ſpace of a few hours, the whole clan were in arms, and convened in an appointed place; the name of which was the only word that accompained the delivery of the *Cran-tara*. This ſymbol was the manifeſto of the chief, by which he threatened fire and ſword to thoſe of his clan, that did not immediately appear at his ſtandard.

In his hall lies Cathmol of Clutha, by the winding of his own dark ſtreams. Duth-carmor ſaw white-boſomed Lánul *), and pierced her father's ſide. In the ruſhy deſart were my ſteps. He fled in the ſeaſon of night. Give thine aid to Cathlin to revenge his father. —— I ſought thee not as a beam, in a land of clouds. Thou, like that ſun, art known, king of echoing Selma.

Selma's king looked around. In his preſence, we roſe in arms. But who ſhould lift the ſhield? for all had claimed the war. The night came down; we ſtrode, in ſilence; each to his hill of ghoſts: that ſpirits might deſcend, in our dreams, to mark us for the field.

We ſtruck the ſhield of the dead, and raiſed the hum of ſongs. We thrice called the ghoſts of our fathers.

*) Lánul, *full-eyed*, a ſurname which, according to tradition, was heſtowed on the daughter of Cathmol, on account of her beauty; this tradition, however, may have heen founded on that partiality, which the bards have ſhewn to *Cathlin of Clutha*; for according to them, no *falſhood could dwell in the ſoul of the lovely*.

thers. We laid us down in dreams. —— Trenmor came, before mine eyes, the tall form of other years. His blue hoſts were behind him in half-diſtinguiſhed rows. Scarce ſeen is their ſtrife in miſt, or their ſtretching forward to deaths. I liſtened; but no ſound was there. The forms were empty wind.

I ſtarted from the dream of ghoſts. On a ſudden blaſt flew my whiſtling hair. Low-ſounding, in the oak, is the departure of the dead. I took my ſhield from its bough. Onward came the rattling of ſteel. It was Oſcar *) of Lego. He had ſeen his fathers.

As ruſhes forth the blaſt, on the boſom of whitening waves; ſo careleſs ſhall my courſe be, thro' ocean, to the dwelling of foes. I have ſeen the dead, my father. My beating ſoul is high. My fame is bright before

*) Oſcar is here called *Oſcar of Lego*, from his mother being the daughter of Branno, a powerful chief, on the banks of that lake. It is remarkable that Oſſian addreſſes no poem to Malvina, in which her lover Oſcar was not one of the principal actors. His attention to her, after the death of his ſon, ſhews that delicacy of ſentiment is not confined, as ſome fondly imagine, to our own poliſhed times.

before me, like the ſtreak of light on a cloud, when the broad ſun comes forth, red traveller of the ſky.

Grandſon of Branno, I ſaid; not Oſcar alone ſhall meet the foe. I ruſh forward, thro' ocean, to the woody dwelling of heroes. Let us contend, my ſon, like eagles, from one rock; when they lift their broad wings, againſt the ſtream of winds. — We raiſed our ſails in Carmona. From three ſhips, they marked my ſhield on the wave, as I looked on nightly Tonthena*), red wanderer between the clouds. — Four days came the breeze abroad. Lumon came forward in miſt. In winds were its hundred groves. Sun-beams marked, at times, its brown ſide. White, leapt the foamy ſtreams from all its echoing rocks.

A green

*) Ton-thena, *fire of the wave*, was that remarkable ſtar, which as has been mentioned in the ſeventh book of Temora, directed the courſe of Larthon to Ireland. It ſeems to have been well known to thoſe, who ſailed on that ſea, which divides Ireland from South-Britain. As the courſe of Oſſian was along the coaſt of Inis-huna, he mentions with propriety, that ſtar which directed the voyage of the colony from that country to Ireland.

A green field, in the boſom of hills, winds ſilent with its own blue-ſtream. Here, midſt the waving of oaks, were the dwellings of kings of old. But ſilence, for many dark-brown years, had ſettled in graſſy Rath-col *), for the race of heroes had failed, along the pleaſant vale. — Duth-carmor was here, with his people, dark rider of the wave. Ton-thena had hid her head in the ſky. He bound his white-boſomed ſails. His courſe is on the hills of Rath-col, to the ſeats of roes.

We came. I ſent the bard, with ſongs, to call the foe to fight. Duth-carmor heard him, with joy. The king's ſoul was a beam of fire; a beam of fire, marked with ſmoak, ruſhing, varied, thro' the boſom of

*) Rath-col, *woody field*, does not appear to have been the reſidence of Duth-carmor: he ſeems rather to have been forced thither by a ſtorm; at leaſt I ſhould think that to be the meaning of the poet, from his expreſſion, that *Ton-thena had hid her head*, and that *he bound his white-boſomed ſails*; which is as much as to ſay, that the weather was ſtormy, and that Duth-carmor put in to the bay of Rathcol for ſhelter.

of night. The deeds of Duth-carmor were dark, tho' his arm was ſtrong.

Night came, with the gathering of clouds. By the beam of the oak we ſat down. At a diſtance ſtood Cathlin of Clutha. I ſaw the changing *) ſoul of the ſtranger. As ſhadows fly over the field of graſs, ſo various is Cathlin's cheek. It was fair, within locks, that roſe on Rath-col's wind. I did not ruſh, amidſt his ſoul, with my words. I bade the ſong to riſe.

Oſcar

*) From this circumſtance, ſucceeding bards feigned that Cathlin, who is here in the diſguiſe of a young warrior, had fallen in love with Duth-carmor at a feaſt, to which he had been invited by her father. Her love was converted into deteſtation for him, after he had murdered her father. But *at thoſe rainbows of heaven are changeful*, ſay my authors, ſpeaking of women, ſhe felt the return of her former paſſion, upon the approach of Duth-carmor's danger. — I myſelf, who think more favourably of the ſex, muſt attribute the agitation of Cathlin's mind to her extream ſenſibility to the injuries done her by Duth-carmor: and this opinion is favoured by the ſequel of the ſtory.

Oſcar of Lego, I ſaid, be thine the ſecret hill*), to night. Strike the ſhield, like Morven's kings. With day, thou ſhalt lead in war. From my rock, I ſhall ſee thee, Oſcar, a dreadful form aſcending in fight, like the appearance of ghoſts, amidſt the ſtorms they raiſe. —— Why ſhould mine eyes return to the dim times of old, ere yet the ſong had burſted forth, like the ſudden riſing of winds. —— But the years, that are paſt, are marked with mighty deeds. As the nightly

*) This paſſage alludes to the well known cuſtom among the ancient kings of Scotland, to retire from their army on the night preceding a battle. —— The ſtory which Oſſian introduces in the next paragraph, concerns the fall of the Druids, of which I gave ſome account in the diſſertation prefixed to the preceding volume. It is ſaid in many old poems, that the Druids, in the extremity of their affairs, had ſolicited and obtained aid from Scandinavia. Among the auxiliaries there came many pretended magicians: which circumſtance Oſſian alludes to, in his deſcription of the *ſon of Loda*. — Magic and incantation could not, however, prevail: for Trenmor, aſſiſted by the valour of his ſon Trathal, entirely broke the power of the Druids.

nightly rider of waves looks up to Ton-thena of beams: ſo let us turn our eyes to Trenmor, the father of kings.

Wide, in Caracha's echoing field, Carmal had poured his tribes. They were a dark ridge of waves; the grey-haired bards were like moving foam on their face. They kindled the ſtrife around with their red-rolling eyes. — Nor alone were the dwellers of rocks; a ſon of Loda was there; a voice, in his own dark land, to call the ghoſts from high. — On his hill, he had dwelt, in Lochlin, in the midſt of a leafleſs grove. Five ſtones lifted, near, their heads. Loud-roared his ruſhing ſtream. He often raiſed his voice to winds, when meteors marked their nightly wings; when the dark-cruſted moon was rolled behind her hill. Nor unheard of ghoſts was he! — They came with the ſound of eagle-wings. They turned battle, in fields, before the kings of men.

But, Trenmor, they turned not from battle; he drew forward the troubled war; in its dark ſkirt was Trathal, like a riſing light. — It was dark; and Loda's ſon poured forth his ſigns, on night. — The feeble were not before thee, ſon of other lands!

*) Then roſe the ſtrife of kings, about the hill of night; but it was ſoft as two ſummer gales, ſhaking their light wings, on a lake. ——— Trenmor yielded to his ſon; for the fame of the king was heard. — Trathal came forth before his father, and the foes failed, in echoing Carácha. The years that are paſt, my ſon, are marked with mighty deeds **).

* * * * * * * * *

In clouds roſe the eaſtern light. The foe came forth in arms. The ſtrife is mixed at Rath-col, like the roar of ſtreams. Behold the contending of kings! They meet beſide the oak. In gleams of ſteel the dark forms are loſt; ſuch is the meeting of meteors, in a vale by night: red light is ſcattered round, and men

*) Trenmor and Trathal. Oſſian introduced this epiſode, as an example to his ſon, from ancient times.

**) Thoſe who deliver down this poem in tradition, lament that there is a great part of it loſt. In particular they regret the loſs of an epiſode, which was here introduced, with the ſequel of the ſtory of Carmal and his Druids. Their attachment to it was founded on the deſcriptions of magical inchantments which it contained.

men foreſee the ſtorm. —— Duth-carmor is low in blood. The ſon of Oſſian overcame. Not harmleſs in battle was he, Malvina hand of harps!

Nor, in the field, are the ſteps of Cathlin. The ſtranger ſtood by a ſecret ſtream, where the foam of Rath-col ſkirted the moſſy ſtones. Above, bends the branchy birch, and ſtrews its leaves, on winds. The inverted ſpear of Cathlin touched, at times the ſtream. —— Oſcar brought Duth-carmor's mail: his helmet with its eagle-wing. He placed them before the ſtranger, and his words were heard. —— "The foes of thy father have failed. They are laid in the field of ghoſts. Renown returns to Morven, like a riſing wind. Why art thou dark, chief of Clutha? Is there cauſe for grief?"

Son of Oſſian of harps, my ſoul is darkly ſad. I behold the arms of Cathmol, which he raiſed in war Take the male of Cathlin, place it high in Selma's hall; that thou mayſt remember the hapleſs in thy diſtant land.

From white breaſt deſcended the mail. It was the race of kings; the ſoft-handed daughter of Cathmol at the ſtreams of Clutha. — Duth-carmor ſaw her

bright in the hall, he came, by night, to Clutha. Cathmol met him, in battle, but the warrior fell. Three days dwelt the foe, with the maid. On the fourth ſhe fled in arms. She remembered the race of kings, and felt her burſting ſoul.

Why, maid of Toſcar of Lutha, ſhould I tell how Cathlin failed? Her tomb is at ruſhy Lumon, in a diſtant land. Near it were the ſteps of Sul-malla, in the days of grief. She raiſhed the ſong, for the daughter of ſtrangers, and touched the mournful harp.

Come, from the watching of night, Malvina, lonely beam!

SUL-MALLA
OF
LUMON:
A
POEM.

ARGUMENT.

This poem, which, properly ſpeaking, is a continuation of the laſt, opens with an addreſs to Sul-malla, the daughter of the king of Inis-huna; whom Oſſian met, at the chace, as he returned from the battle of Rath-col. Sul-malla invites Oſſian and Oſcar to a feaſt, at the reſidence of her father, who was then abſent in the wars. —— Upon hearing their name and family, ſhe relates an expedition of Fingal into Inis-huna. She caſually mentioning Cathmor, chief of Atha, (who then aſſiſted her father againſt his enemies) Oſſian introduces the epiſode of Culgorm and Surandronlo, two Scandinavian kings, in whoſe wars Oſſian himſelf and Cathmor were engaged on oppoſite ſides. —— The ſtory is imperfect, a part of the original being loſt. — Oſſian, warned, in a dream, by the ghoſt of Trenmor, ſets ſail from Inis-huna.

SUL-MALLA OF LUMON:

A POEM.

*) Who moves ſo ſtately, on Lumon, at the roar of the foamy waters? Her hair falls upon her heaving breaſt. White is her arm behind, as ſlow ſhe bends the bow. Why doſt thou wander in deſarts,

*) The expedition of Oſſian to Inis-huna happened a ſhort time before Fingal paſſed over into Ireland, to dethrone Cairbar the ſon of Borbar-duthul. Cathmor, the brother of Cairbar, was aiding Conmor, king of Inis-huna, in his wars, at the time that Oſſian defeated Duth-carmor, in the valley of Rath-col. The poem is more intereſting, that it contains ſo many particulars concerning thoſe perſonages, who make ſo great a figure in Temora.

deſarts, like a light thro' a cloudy field? The young roes are panting, by their ſecret rocks. —— Return, thou daughter of kings; the cloudy night is near.

It was the young branch of Lumon, Sul-malla of blue eyes. She ſent the bard from her rock, to bid us to her feaſt. Amidſt the ſong we ſat down, in Conmor's echoing hall. White moved the hands of Sul-malla,

The exact correſpondence in the manners and cuſtoms of Inis-huna, as here deſcribed, to thoſe of Caledonia, leaves no room to doubt, that the inhabitants of both were originally the ſame people. Some may alledge, that Oſſian might transfer, in his poetical deſcriptions, the manner of his own nation to foreigners. The objection is eaſily anſwered: for had Oſſian uſed that freedom in this paſſage, there is no reaſon why he ſhould paint the manners of the Scandinavians ſo different from thoſe of the Caledonians. We find however, the former very different in their cuſtoms and ſuperſtitions from the nations of Britain and Ireland. The Scandinavian manners are remarkably barbarous and fierce, and ſeem to mark out a nation much leſs advanced in civil ſociety, than the inhabitants of Britain were in the times of Oſſian.

malia, on the trembling ſtrings. Half-heard, amidſt the ſound, was the name of Atha's king: he that was abſent in battle for her own green land. — Nor abſent from her ſoul was he; he came midſt her thoughts by night: Ton-thena looked in, from the ſky, and ſaw her toſſing arms.

The ſound of the ſhells had ceaſed. Amidſt long locks, Sul-malla roſe. She ſpoke with bended eyes, and aſked of our courſe thro' ſeas, "for of the kings of men are ye, tall riders of the wave*)." ——

Not

*) Sul-malla here diſcovers the quality of Oſſian and Oſcar, from their ſtature and ſtately gait. Among nations, not far advanced in civilization, a ſuperior beauty and ſtatelineſs of perſon were inſeparable from nobility of blood. It was from theſe qualities, that thoſe of family were known by ſtrangers, not from tawdry trappings of ſtate injudiciouſly thrown round them. The cauſe of this diſtinguiſhing property, muſt, in ſome meaſure, be aſcribed to their unmixed blood. They had no inducement to intermarry with the vulgar: and no low notions of intereſt made them deviate from their choice, in their own ſphere. In ſtates, where luxury has been long

Not unknown, I ſaid, at his ſtreams is he, the father of our race. Fingal has been heard of at Cluba, blue-eyed daughter of kings. — Nor only, at Cona's ſtream, is Oſſian and Oſcar known. Foes trembled at our voice, and ſhrunk in other lands.

Not unmarked, ſaid the maid, by Sul-malla, is the ſhield of Morven's king. It hangs high, in Conmor's hall, in memory of the paſt; when Fingal came to Cluba, in the days of other years. Loud roared the boar of Culdarnu, in the midſt of his rocks and woods. Inis-huna ſent her youths, but they failed; and virgins wept over tombs. — Careleſs went the king to Culdarnu. On his ſpear rolled the ſtrength of the woods. — He was bright, they ſaid, in his locks,

long eſtabliſhed, I am told, that beauty of perſon is, by no means, the characteriſtic of antiquity of family. This muſt be attributed to thoſe enervating vices, which are inſeparable from luxury and wealth. A great family, (to alter a little the words of the hiſtorian) it is true, like a river, becomes conſiderable from the length of its courſe, but, as it rolls on, hereditary diſtempers, as well as property, flow ſucceſſively into it.

locks, the firſt of mortal men. —— Nor at the feaſt were heard his words. His deeds paſſed from his ſoul of fire, like the rolling of vapours from the face of the wandering ſun. —— Not careleſs looked the blue eyes of Cluba on his ſtately ſteps. In white boſoms roſe the king of Selma, in midſt of their thoughts by night. But the winds bore the ſtranger to the echoing vales of his roes. ——— Nor loſt to other lands was he, like a meteor that ſinks in a cloud. He came forth, at times, in his brightneſs, to the diſtant dwelling of foes. His fame came, like the ſound of winds, to Cluba's woody vale *).

Dark.

*) Too partial to our own times, we are ready to mark out remote antiquity, as the region of ignorance and barbariſm. This, perhaps, is extending our prejudices too far. It has been long remarked, that knowledge, in a great meaſure, is founded on a free intercourſe between mankind; and that the mind is enlarged in proportion to the obſervations it has made upon the manners of different men and nations. — If we look, with attention, into the hiſtory of Fingal, as delivered by Oſſian, we ſhall find that he was not altogether a poor ignorant hunter,

Darkneſs dwells in Cluba of harps: the race of kings is diſtant far; in battle is Conmor of ſpears; and Lormar *) king of ſtreams. Nor darkening alone are they; a beam, from other lands, is nigh: the

ter, confined to the narrow corner of an iſland. His expeditions to all parts of Scandinavia, to the north of Germany, and the different ſtates of Great Britain and Ireland, were very numerous, and performed under ſuch a character, and at ſuch times, as gave him an opportunity to mark the undiſguiſed manners of mankind. — War and an active life, as they call forth, by turns, all the powers of the ſoul, preſent to us the different characters of men: in times of peace and quiet, for want of objects to exert them the powers of the mind lie concealed, in a great meaſure, and we ſee only artificial paſſions and manners. — It is from this conſideration I conclude, that a traveller of penetration could gather more genuine knowledge from a tour of ancient Gaul, than from the minuteſt obſervation of all the artificial manners, and elegant refinements of modern France.

*) Lormar was the ſon of Conmor, and the brother of Sul-malla. After the death of Conmor, Lormar ſucceeded him in the throne.

the friend *) of ſtrangers in Atha, the troubler of the field. High, from their miſty hills, look forth the blue eyes of Erin, for he is far away, young dweller of their ſouls. — Nor, harmleſs, white hands of Erin! is he in the ſkirts of war; he rolls ten thouſand before him, in his diſtant field.

Not unſeen by Oſſian, I ſaid, ruſhed Cathmor from his ſtreams, when he poured his ſtrength on I-thorno **), iſle of many waves. In ſtrife met two kings

*) Cathmor, the ſon of Borbar-duthul. It would appear, from the partiality with which Sul-malla ſpeaks of that hero, that ſhe had ſeen him, previous to his joining her father's army; tho' tradition poſitively aſſerts, that it was, after his return, that ſhe fell in love with him.

**) I thorno, ſays tradition, was an iſland of Scandinavia. In it, at a hunting party, met Culgorm and Suran-dionlo, the kings of two neighbouring iſles. They differed about the honour of killing a boar; and a war was kindled between them. — From this epiſode we may learn, that the manners of the Scandinavians were much more ſavage and cruel, than thoſe of Britain. —— It is remarkable, that the

kings in I-thorno, Culgorm and Suran-drónlo: each from his echoing isle, stern hunters of the boar!

They met a boar, at a foamy stream: each pierced it with his steel. They strove for the fame of the deed: and gloomy battle rose. From isle to isle they sent a spear, broken and stained with blood, to call the friends of their fathers, in their sounding arms. Cathmor came, from Bolga, to Culgorm, red-eyed king: I aided Suran-dronlo, in his land of boars.

We rushed on either side of a stream, which roared thro' a blasted heath. High broken rocks were round, with all their bending trees. Near are two circles of Loda, with the stone of power; where spirits descended, by night, in dark-red streams of fire. — There, mixed with the murmur of waters, rose the voice of aged men, they called the forms of night, to aid them in their war.

*) Heedless I stood, with my people, where fell the foamy stream from rocks. The moon moved red from

the names, introduced in this story, are not of Galic original, which circumstance affords room to suppose, that it had its foundation in true history.

*) From the circumstance of Ossian not being present at

from the mountain. My ſong, at times, aroſe. Dark on the other ſide, young Cathmor heard my voice; for he lay, beneath the oak, in all his gleaming arms. —— Morning came; we ruſhed to fight: from wing to wing in the rolling of ſtrife. They fell, like the thiſtle head, beneath autumnal winds.

In armour came a ſtately form: I mixed my ſtrokes with the king. By turns our ſhields are pierced: loud roung our ſteely mails. His helmet fell to the ground. In brightneſs ſhone the foe. His eyes, two pleaſant flames, rolled between his wandering locks. — I knew the king of Atha, and threw my ſpear on earth. — Dark, we turned, and ſilent paſſed to mix with other foes.

Not

at the rites, deſcribed in the preceding paragraph, we may ſuppoſe that he held them in contempt. This difference of ſentiment, with regard to religion, is a ſort of argument, that the Caledonians were not originally a colony of Scandinavians, as ſome have imagined. Concerning ſo remote a period, mere conjecture muſt ſupply the place of argument and poſitive proofs.

Not ſo paſſed the ſtriving kings *). They mixed in echoing fray; like the meeting of ghoſts, in the dark wing of winds. Thro' either breaſt ruſhed the ſpears; nor yet lay the foes on earth. A rock received their fall; and half-reclined they lay in death. Each held the lock of his foe; and grimly ſeemed to roll his eyes. The ſtream of the rock leapt on their ſhields, and mixed below with blood.

The battle ceaſed in I-thorno. The ſtrangers met in peace: Cathmor from Atha of ſtreams, and Oſſian, king of harps. We placed the dead in earth. Our ſteps were by Rúnar's bay. With the bounding boat, afar, advanced a ridgy wave. Dark was the rider of ſeas, but a beam of light was there, like the ray of the ſun, in Stromlo's rolling ſmoak. It was the

*) Culgorm and Suran-dronlo. The combat of the kings and their attitude in death are highly picturesque, and expreſſive of that ferocity of manners, which diſtinguiſhed the northern nations. — The wild melody of the verſification of the original, is inimitably beautiful, and very different from the reſt of the works of Oſſian.

the daughter *) of Suran-dronlo, wild in brightned looks. Her eyes were wandering flames, amidſt diſorde-

*) Tradition has handed down the name of this princeſs. The bards call her Runo ſorlo, which has no other ſort of title for being genuine, but its not being of Galic original; a diſtinction, which the bards had not the art to preſerve, when they feigned names for foreigners. The highland ſenachies, who very often endeavoured to ſupply the deficiency, they thought they found in the tales of Oſſian, have given us the continuation of the ſtory of the daughter of Suran-dronlo. The cataſtrophe is ſo unatural, and the circumſtances of it ſo ridiculouſly pompous, that for the ſake of the inventors, I ſhall conceal them.

The wildly beautiful appearance of Runo-ſorlo, made a deep impreſſion on a chief, ſome ages ago, who was himſelf no contemptible poet. The ſtory is romantic, but not incredible, if we make allowances for the lively imagination of a man of genius. Our chief ſailing, in a ſtorm, along one of the iſland of Orkney, ſaw a woman, in a boat, near the ſhore, whom he thought, as he exppreſſes

ordered locks. Forward is her white arm, with the ſpear; her high-heaving breaſt is ſeen, white as foamy waves that riſe, by turns, amidſt rocks. They are beautiful, but they are terrible, and mariners call the winds.

Come, ye dwellers of Loda! Carchar, pale in the midſt of clouds! Sluthmor, that ſtrideſt in airy halls! Corchtur,

it himſelf, *as beautiful as a ſudden ray of the ſun, on the dark-heaving deep.* The verſes of Oſſian, on the attitude of Runo-forlo, which was ſo ſimilar to that of the woman in the boat, wrought ſo much on his fancy, that he fell deſperately in love. — The winds, however, drove him from the coaſt, and, after a few days, he arrived at his reſidence in Scotland. — There his paſſion increaſed to ſuch a degree, that two of his friends, fearing the conſequence, ſailed to the Orkneys, to carry to him the object of his deſire. — Upon enquiry they ſoon found the nymph, and carried her to the enamoured chief, but mark his ſurprize, when, inſtead *of a ray of the ſun*, he ſaw a ſkinny fiſher-woman, more than middle aged, appearing before him. — Tradition here ends the ſtory: but it may be eaſily ſuppoſed that the paſſion of the chief ſoon ſubſided,

Corchtur, terrible in winds! Receive, from his daughter's ſpear, the foes of Suran-dronlo.

No ſhadow, at his roaring ſtreams; no mildly-looking form was he! When he took up his ſpear, the hawks ſhook their ſounding wings: for blood was poured around the ſteps of dark-eyed Suran-dronlo.

He lighted me, no harmleſs beam, to glitter on his ſtreams. Like meteors, I was bright, but I blaſted the foes of Suran-dronlo ———

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Nor unconcerned heard Sul-malla, the praiſe of Cathmor of ſhields. He was within her ſoul, like a fire in ſecret heath, which awakes at the voice of the blaſt, and ſends its beam abroad. Amidſt the ſong removed the daughter of kings, like the ſoft ſound of a ſummer-breeze; when it lifts the heads of flowers, and curls the lakes and ſtreams.

By night came a dream to Oſſian; without form ſtood the ſhadow of Trenmor. He ſeemed to ſtrike

the dim ſhield, on Selma's ſtreamy rock. I roſe, in my rattling ſteel; I knew that war was near. Before the winds our ſails were ſpread; when Lumon ſhewed its ſtreams to the morn.

Come, from the watching of night, Malvina, lonely beam!

CATH-

CATH-LODA:

A

POEM.

DUAN FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

Fingal, in one of his voyages to the Orkney iſlands, was driven, by ſtreſs of weather, into a bay of Scandinavia, near the reſidence of Starno, king of Lochlin. Starno invites Fingal to a feaſt. Fingal, doubting the faith of the king, and mindful of his former breach of hoſpitality, [Fingal, b. 3.] refuſes to go. — Starno gathers together his tribes: Fingal reſolves to defend himſelf. —— Night coming on, Duth-maruno propoſes to Fingal, to obſerve the motions of the enemy. — The king himſelf undertakes the watch. Advancing towards the enemy, he, accidentally, comes to the cave of Turthor, where Starno had confined Conban-carglas, the captive daughter of a neighbouring chief. —— Her ſtory is imperfect, a part of the original being loſt. — Fingal comes to a place of worſhip, where Starno and his ſon, Swaran, conſulted the ſpirit of Loda, concerning the iſſue of the war. — The rencounter of Fingal and Swaran. — The *duäin* concludes, with a deſcription of the airy hall of Cruth-loda ſuppoſed to be the Odin of Scandinavia.

CATH-LODA:

A

POEM.

DUAN*) FIRST.

A tale of the times of old! — Why, thou wanderer unſeen, that bendeſt the thiſtle of Lora, — why, thou breeze of the valley, haſt thou left mine ear? I hear no diſtant roar of ſtreams, no ſound

*) The bards diſtinguiſhed thoſe compoſitions, in which the narration is often interrupted, by epiſodes and apoſtrophes, by the name of *Duän*. Since the extinction of the order of the bards, it has been a general name for all ancient compoſitions in verſe. — The abrupt manner in which the ſtory of this poem begins, may render it obſcure to ſome readers; it may not therefore be improper, to give here the

ſound of the harp, from the rocks! Come, thou huntreſs of Lutha, ſend back his ſoul to the bard.

I look

traditional preface, which is generally prefixed to it. Two years after he took to wife Ros-crana, the daughter of Cormac, king of Ireland, Fingal undertook an expedition into Orkney, to viſit his friend Cathulla, king of Iniſtore. After ſtaying a few days at Carric-thura, the reſidence of Cathulla, the king ſet ſail, to return to Scotland; but a violent ſtorm ariſing, his ſhips were driven into a bay of Scandinavia, near Gormal, the ſeat of Starno, king of Lochlin, his avowed enemy. Starno, upon the appearance of ſtrangers on his coaſt, ſummoned together the neighbouring tribes, and advanced, in a hoſtile manner, towards the bay of U-thorno, where Fingal had taken ſhelter. Upon diſcovering who the ſtrangers were, and fearing the valour of Fingal, which he had, more than once, experienced before he reſolved to accompliſh by treachery, what he was afraid he ſhould fail in by open force. He invited, therefore, Fingal to a feaſt, at which he intended to aſſaſſinate him. The king prudently declined to go, and Starno betook himſelf to arms.—The ſequel of the ſtory may be learned from the poem itſelf.

I look forward to Lochlin of lakes, to the dark, ridgy bay of U-thórno, where Fingal deſcended from ocean, from the roar of winds. Few are the heroes of Morven, in a land unknown! — Starno ſent a dweller of Loda, to bid Fingal to the feaſt; but the king remembred the paſt, and all his rage aroſe.

Nor Gormal's moſſy towers, nor Starno ſhall Fingal behold. Deaths wander, like ſhadows, over his fiery ſoul. Do I forget that beam of light, the white-handed daughter *) of kings? Go, ſon of Loda; his words are but blaſts to Fingal: blaſts, that, to and fro, roll the thiſtle, in autumnal vales.

Duth-maruno **), arm of death! Crommaglas, of iron ſhields! Struthmor, dweller of battle's wing! Cormar,

*) Agandecca, the daughter of Starno, whom her father killed, on account of her diſcovering to Fingal, a plot laid againſt his life. Her ſtory is related at large, in the third book of Fingal.

**) Duth-maruno is a name very famous in tradition. Many of his great actions are handed down, but the poems, which contained the detail of them, are long ſince

Cormar, whoſe ſhips bound on ſeas, careleſs as the courſe of a meteor, on dark ſtreaming clouds! Ariſe, around me, children of heroes, in a land unknown. Let each look on his ſhield, like Trenmor, the ruler of battles. "Come down, ſaid the king, thou dweller between the harps. Thou ſhalt roll this ſtream away, or dwell with me in earth."

Around him they roſe in wrath. — No words came forth: they ſeized their ſpears. Each ſoul is rolled into itſelf. — At length the ſudden clang is waked

ſince loſt. He lived, it is ſuppoſed, in that part of the north of Scotland, which is over againſt Orkney. Duth-maruno, Cromma-glas, Struthmor, and Cormar, are mentioned, as attending Comhal, in his laſt battle againſt the tribe of Morni, in a poem, which is ſtill preſerved. It is not the work of Oſſian; the phraſeology betrays it to be a modern compoſition. It is ſomething like thoſe trivial compoſitions, which the Iriſh bards forged, under the name of Oſſian, in the fifteenth and ſixteenth centuries. — Duth-maruno ſignifies, *black and ſteady*; Cromma-glas, *bending and ſwarthy*; Struthmor, *roaring ſtream*; Cormar, *expert at ſea*.

ked, on all their echoing ſhields. — Each took his hill, by night; at intervals, they darkly ſtood. Unequal burſts the hum of ſongs, between the roaring wind. — Broad over them roſe the moon. — In his arms, came tall Duth-maruno; he from Croma-charn of rocks, ſtern hunter of the boar. In his dark boat he roſe on waves, when Crumthormoth *) awaked its woods. In the chace he ſhone, among his foes: — No fear was thine, Duth-maruno.

Son of Comhal, he ſaid, my ſteps ſhall be forward thro' night. From this ſhield I ſhall view them, over their gleaming tribes. Starno, of lakes, is before me, and Swaran, the foe of ſtrangers. Their words are not in vain, by Loda's ſtone of power. ——— If Duth-maruno returns not, his ſpouſe is lonely, at home, where meet two roaring ſtreams, on Crathmo-craulo's plain. Around are hills, with their woods; the ocean is rolling near. My ſon looks on ſcreaming ſea-fowl, young wanderer of the field. Give the head

*) Crumthormoth, one of the Orkney or Shetland iſlands. The name is not of Galic original. It was ſubject to its own petty king, who is mentioned in one of Oſſian's poems.

head of a boar to Can-dona *), tell him of his father's joy, when the briſtly ſtrength of I-thorno rolled on his lifted ſpear.

Not

*) Cean-daona, *head of the people*, the ſon of Duth-maruno. He became afterwards famous, in the expeditions of Oſſian, after the death of Fingal. The traditional tales concerning him are very numerous, and, from the epithet, in them, beſtowed on him (*Candona of boars*) it would appear, that he applied himſelf to that kind of hunting, which his father, in this paragraph, is ſo anxious to recommend to him. As I have mentioned the traditional tales of the Highlands, it may not be improper here, to give ſome account of them. After the expulſion of the bards, from the houſes of the chiefs, they being an indolent race of men, owed all their ſubſiſtence to the generoſity of the vulgar, whom they diverted with repeating the compoſitions of their predeceſſors, and running up the genealogies of their entertainers to the family of their chiefs. As this ſubject was, however, ſoon exhauſted, they were obliged to have recourſe to invention, and form ſtories having no foundation in fact which were fallo-

Not forgetting my fathers, ſaid Fingal, I have bounded over ridgy ſeas: theirs was the times of danger,

ſwallowed, with great credulity, by an ignorant multitude. By frequent repeating, the fable grew upon their hands, and, as each threw in whatever circumſtance he thought conducive to raiſe the admiration of his hearers, the ſtory became, at laſt, ſo devoid of all probability, that even the vulgar themſelves did not believe it. They, however, liked the tales ſo well, that the bards found their advantage in turning profeſſed tale-makers. They then launched out into the wildeſt regions of fiction and romance. I firmly believe, there are more ſtories of giants, enchanted caſtles, dwarfs, and palfreys, in the Highlands, than in any country in Europe. Theſe tales, it is certain, like other romantic compoſitions, have many things in them unnatural, and, conſequently, diſguſtful to true taſte, but, I know not how it happens, they command attention more than any other fictions I ever met with. — The extream length of theſe pieces is very ſurpriſing, ſome of them requiring many days to repeat them, but ſuch hold they take of the memory, that few circumſtances are ever omitted by thoſe who have received

ger, in the days of old. Nor gathers darkneſs on me, before foes, tho' I am young, in my locks. —— Chief of Crathmo-craulo, the field of night is mine.

He ruſhed, in all his arms, wide-bounding over Turthor's ſtream, that ſent its ſullen roar, by night, thro' Gormal's miſty vale. — A moonbeam glittered on a rock; in the midſt, ſtood a ſtately form; a form with floating locks, like Lochlin's white-boſomed maids. — Unequal are her ſteps, and ſhort: ſhe throws a broken ſong on wind. At times ſhe toſſes her white arms: for grief is in her ſoul.

Torcul-torno *), of aged lock! where now are thy ſteps, by Lulan? thou haſt failed, at thine own dark

received them only from oral tradition: What is more amazing, the very language of the bards is ſtill preſerved. It is curious to ſee, that the deſcriptions of magnificence, introduced in theſe tales, is even ſuperior to all the pompous oriental fictions of the kind.

*) Tercul-torno, according to tradition, was king of Crathlun, a diſtrict in Sweden. The river Lulan ran near the reſidence of Torcul-torno. There is a river

dark ſtreams, father of Conban-carglas! —— But I behold thee, chief of Lulan, ſporting by Loda's hall, when the dark-ſkirted night is poured along the ſky.

Thou,

river in Sweden, ſtill called Lula, which is probably the ſame with Lulan. The war between Starno and Torcul-torno, which terminated in the death of the latter, had its riſe at a hunting party. Starno being invited, in a friendly manner, by Torcul-torno, both kings, with their followers, went to the mountains of Stivamor, to hunt. A boar ruſhed from the wood before the kings, and Torcul-torno killed it. Starno thought this behaviour a breach upon the privilege of gueſts, who were always *honoured*, as tradition expreſſes it, *with the danger of the chace*. A quarrel aroſe, the kings came to battle, with all their attendants, and the party of Torcul-torno were totally defeated, and he himſelf ſlain. Starno purſued his victory, laid waſte the diſtrict of Crathlun, and, coming to the reſidence of Torcul-torno, carried off, by force, Conban-carglas, the beautiful daughter of his enemy. Her he confined in a cave, near the palace of Gor-

Thou, ſometimes, hideſt the moon, with thy ſhield. I have ſeen her dim, in heaven. Thou kindleſt thy hair into meteors, and ſaileſt along the night. — Why am I forgot in my cave, king of ſhaggy boars? Look from the hall of Loda, on lonely Conban-carglas.

"Who art thou, ſaid Fingal, voice of night?" —— She trembling, turned away. "Who art thou, in thy darkneſs?" —— She ſhrunk into the cave. — The king looſed the thong from her hands; he aſked about her fathers.

Torcul-torno, ſhe ſaid, once dwelt at Lulan's foamy ſtream: he dwelt —— but, now, in Loda's hall, he ſhakes the ſounding ſhell. He met Starno of

mal, where, on account of her cruel treatment, ſhe became diſtracted.

The paragraph, juſt now before us, is the ſong of Conban-carglas, at the time ſhe was diſcovered by Fingal. It is in lyric meaſure, and ſet to muſic, which is wild and ſimple, and ſo inimitably ſuited to the ſituation of the unhappy lady, that few can hear it without tears.

of Lochlin, in battles long fought the dark-eyed kings. My father fell, at length, blue-ſhielded Torcul-torno.

By a rock, at Lulan's ſtream, I had pierced the bounding roe. My white hand gathered my hair, from off the ſtream of winds. I heard a noiſe. Mine eyes were up. My ſoft breaſt roſe on high. My ſtep was forward, at Lulan, to meet thee, Torcul-torno.

It was Starno, dreadful king! —— His red eyes rolled on Conban-carglas. Dark waved his ſhaggy brow, above his gathered ſmile. Where is my father, I ſaid, he that was mighty in war? Thou are left alone among foes, daughter of Torcul-torno!

He took my hand. He raiſed the ſail. In this cave he placed me dark. At times, he comes, a gathered miſt. He lifts before me, my father's ſhield. Often paſſes a beam *) of youth, far-diſtant from my cave. He dwells lonely in the ſoul of the daughter of Torcul-torno.

Daughter

*) By *the beam of youth*, it afterwards appears, that Conban-carglas means Swaran, the ſon of Starno, with whom, during her confinement, ſhe had fallen in love.

Daughter of Lulan, ſaid Fingal, white-handed Conban-carglas; a cloud, marked with ſtreaks of fire, is rolled along the ſoul. Look not to that dark-robed moon; nor yet to thoſe meteors of heaven; my gleaming ſteel is around thee, daughter of Torcul-torno.

It is not the ſteel of the feeble, nor of the dark in ſoul. The maids are not ſhut in our *) caves of ſtreams; nor toſſing their white arms alone. They bend, fair within their locks, above the harps of Selma. Their voice is not in the deſart wild, young light of Torcul-torno.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

Fingal,

*) From this contraſt, which Fingal draws, between his own nation, and the inhabitants of Scandinavia, we may learn, that the former were much leſs barbarous than the latter. This diſtinction is ſo much obſerved throughout the poems of Oſſian, that there can be no doubt, that he followed the real manners of both nations in his own time. At the cloſe of the ſpeech of Fingal, there is a great part of the original loſt.

Fingal, again, advanced his ſteps, wide thro' the boſom of night, to where the trees of Loda ſhook amidſt ſqually winds. Three ſtones, with heads of moſs, are there; a ſtream, with foaming courſe; and dreadful, rolled around them, is the dark-red cloud of Loda. From its top looked forward a ghoſt, half-formed of the ſhadowy ſmoak. He poured his voice, at times, amidſt the roaring ſtream. — Near, bending beneath a blaſted tree, two heroes received his words: Swaran of the lakes, and Starno foe of ſtrangers. — On their dun ſhields, they darkly leaned: their ſpears are forward in night. Shrill ſounds the blaſt of darkneſs, in Starno's floating beard.

They heard the tread of Fingal. The warriors roſe in arms. "Swaran, lay that wanderer low, ſaid Starno, in his pride. Take the ſhield of thy father; it is a rock in war." — Swaran threw his gleaming ſpear: it ſtood fixed in Loda's tree. Then came the foes forward, with ſwords. They mixed their rattling ſteel. Thro' the thongs of Swaran's ſhield ruſhed the blade *) of

*) The ſword of Fingal, ſo called from its maker, Luno of Lochlin.

of Luno. The ſhield fell rolling on earth. Cleft the helmet *) fell down. Fingal ſtopt the lifted ſteel. Wrathful ſtood Swaran, unarmed. He rolled his ſilent eyes, and threw his ſword on earth. Then, ſlowly ſtalking over the ſtream, he whiſtled as he went.

Nor unſeen of his father is Swaran. Starno turned away in wrath. His ſhaggy brows waved dark, above his gathered rage. He ſtruck Loda's tree, with his ſpear; he raiſed the hum of ſongs. — They came to the hoſt of Lochlin, each in his own dark path; like two foam-covered ſtreams, from two rainy vales.

To Turthor's plain Fingal returned. Fair roſe the beam of the eaſt. It ſhone on the ſpoils of Lochlin in the hand of the king. From her cave came forth, in her beauty, the daughter of Torcul-torno. She gathered her hair from wind; and wildly raiſed her ſong. The ſong of Lulan of ſhells, where once her father dwelt.

She ſaw Starno's bloody ſhield. Gladneſs roſe, a light, on her face. She ſaw the cleft helmet of Swa-

*) The helmet of Swaran. The behaviour of Fingal is always conſiſtent with that generoſity of ſpirit which belongs to a hero. He takes no advantage of a foe diſarmed.

Swaran *); ſhe ſhrunk, darkened, from the king. — "Art thou fallen, by thy hundred ſtreams, O love of Conban-carglaſs!" ——

U-thorno, that riſeſt in waters; on whoſe ſide are the meteors of night! I behold the dark moon deſcending behind thy echoing woods. On thy top dwells the miſty Loda, the houſe of the ſpirits of men. — In the end of his cloudy hall bends forward Cruth-loda of ſwords. His form is dimly ſeen, amidſt his wavy miſt. His right-hand is on his ſhield: in his left is the

*) Conban-carglaſs, from ſeeing the helmet of Swaran bloody in the hands of Fingal, conjectured, that that hero was killed. — A part of the original is loſt. It appears, however, from the ſequel of the poem, that the daughter of Torcul-torno did not long ſurvive her ſurprize, occaſioned by the ſuppoſed death of her lover. — The deſcription of the airy hall of Loda (which is ſuppoſed to the be ſame with that of Odin, the deity of Scandinavia) is more picturesque and deſcriptive, than any in the Edda, or other works of the northern Scalders.

the half-viewleſs ſhell. The roof of his dreadful hall is marked with nightly fires.

The race of Cruth-loda advance, a ridge of formleſs ſhades. He reaches the ſounding ſhell, to thoſe who ſhone in war; but, between him and the feeble, his ſhield riſes, a cruſt of darkneſs. He is a ſetting meteor to the weak in arms. — Bright, as a rainbow on ſtreams, came white-armed Conban-carglas. ——.

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CATH-

CATH-LODA:

A

POEM.

DUAN SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

Fingal returning, with day, devolves the command of the army on Duth-maruno, who engages the enemy, and drives them over the ſtream of Turthor. Fingal, after recalling his people, congratulates Duth-maruno on his ſucceſs, but diſcovers, that that hero was mortally wounded in the engagement. — Duth-maruno dies. Ullin, the bard, in honour of the dead, introduces the epiſode of Colgorm and Strina-dona, with which the *dūn* concludes.

CATH-LODA:

A

POEM.

DUAN SECOND.

Where art thou, ſon of the king, ſaid dark-haired Duth-maruno? Where haſt thou failed, young beam of Selma? — He returns not from the boſom of night! Morning is ſpread on U-thorno; in his miſt is the ſun, on his hill. — Warriors, lift the ſhields, in my preſence. He muſt not fall, like a fire from heaven, whoſe place is not marked on the ground. —— He comes like an eagle, from the ſkirt of his ſqually wind! In his hand are the ſpoils of foes. — King of Selma, our ſouls were ſad.

Near us are the foes, Duth maruno. They come forward, like waves in miſt, when their foamy tops are ſeen, at times, above the low-ſailing vapour. —

The

The traveller ſhrinks on his journey, and knows not whither to fly. — No trembling travellers are we! — Sons of heroes, call forth the ſteel. — Shall the ſword of Fingal ariſe, or ſhall a warrior lead?

*) The deeds of old, ſaid Duth maruno, are like paths to our eyes, O Fingal. Broad-ſhielded Trenmor

*) In this ſhort epiſode we have a very probable account given us, of the origin of monarchy in Caledonia. The *Caël*, or Gauls, who poſſeſſed the countries to the north of the Firth of Edinburgh, were, originally, a number of diſtinct tribes, or clans, each ſubject to its own chief, who was free and independent of any other power. When the Romans invaded them, the common danger might, perhaps, have induced thoſe *reguli* to join together, but, as they were unwilling to yield to the command of one of their own number, their battles were ill-conducted, and, conſequently, unſucceſsful. —— Trenmor was the firſt who repreſented to the chiefs, the bad conſequences of carrying on their wars in this irregular manner, and adviſed, that they themſelves ſhould alternately lead in battle. They did ſo, but they were unſucceſsful. When it came to Tren-

mor is ſtill ſeen, amidſt his own dim years. Nor feeble was the ſoul of the king. There, no dark deed wandered in ſecret, ——— From their hundred ſtreams came the tribes, to graſſy Colglan-crona. Their chiefs were before them. Each ſtrove to lead the war. Their ſwords were often half-unſheated. Red rolled their eyes of rage. Separate they ſtood, and hummed their ſurly ſongs. ——— "Why ſhould they yield to each other? their fathers were equal in war."

Trenmor

Trenmor's turn, he totally defeated the enemy, by his ſuperior valour and conduct, which gained him ſuch an intereſt among the tribes, that he, and his family after him, were regarded as kings; or, to uſe the poet's expreſſion, *the words of power ruſhed forth from Selma of kings.* — The regal authority, however, except in time of war, was but inconſiderable; for every chief, within his own diſtrict, was abſolute and independent. — From the ſcene of the battle in this epiſode (which was in the valley of Crona, a little to the north of Agricola's wall) I ſhould ſuppoſe that the enemies of the Caledonians were the Romans, or provincial Britons.

Trenmor was there, with his people, ſtately in youthfoul locks. He ſaw the advancing foe. The grief of his ſoul aroſe. He bade the chiefs to lead, by turns: they led, but they were rolled away. — From his own moſſy hill, blue-ſhielded Trenmor came down. He led wide-ſkirted battle, and the ſtrangers failed. Around him the dark-browed warriors came: they ſtruck the ſhield of joy. Like a pleaſant gale, the words of power ruſhed forth from Selma of kings. But the chiefs led, by turns, in war, till mighty danger roſe: then was the hour of the king to conquer in the field.

"Not unknown, ſaid Cromma-glas *) of ſhields, are the deeds of our fathers. — But who ſhall now lead

*) In tradition, this Cromma-glas makes a great figure in that battle which Comhal loſt, together with his life, to the tribe of Morni. I have juſt now, in my hands, an Iriſh compoſition, of a very modern date, as appears from the language, in which all the traditions, concerning that deciſive engagement, are jumbled together. In juſtice to the merit of the poem, I ſhould have here preſented

lead the war, before the race of kings? Miſt ſettles on theſe four dark hills: within it let each warrior ſtrike

ted to the reader a tranſlation of it, did not the bard mention ſome circumſtances very ridiculous, and others altogether indecent. Morna, the wife of Comhal, had a principal hand in all the tranſactions previous to the defeat and death of her huſband; ſhe, to uſe the words of the bard, *who was the guiding ſtar of the women of Erin.* The bard, it is to be hoped, miſrepreſented the ladies of his country, for Morna's behaviour was, according to him, ſo void of all decency and virtue, that it cannot be ſuppoſed, they had choſen her for their *guiding ſtar.* —— The poem conſiſts of many ſtanzas. The language is figurative, and the numbers harmonious; but the piece is ſo full of anachroniſms, and ſo unequal in its compoſition, that the author, moſt undoubtedly, was either mad, or drunk, when he wrote it. —— It is worthy of being remarked, that Comhal is, in this poem, very often called, *Comhal na b' Aibin*, or *Comhal of Albion*, which ſufficiently demonſtrates, that the allegations of Keating and O Flaherty, concerning *Fion Mac-Comnal*, are but of late invention.

ſtrike his ſhield. Spirits may deſcend in darkneſs, and mark us for the war." —— They went, each to his hill of miſt. Bards marked the ſounds of the ſhields. Loudeſt rung thy boſs, Duth-maruno. Thou muſt lead in war.

Like the murmur of waters, the race of U-thorno came down. Starno led the battle, and Swaran of ſtormy iſles. They looked forward from iron ſhields, like Cruth-loda fiery-eyed, when he looks from behind the darkened moon, and ſtrews his ſigns on night.

The foes met by Turthor's ſtream. They heaved like ridgy waves. Their echoing ſtrokes are mixed. Shadowy death flies over the hoſts. They were clouds of hail, with ſqually winds in their ſkirts. Their ſhowers are roaring together. Below them ſwells the dark-rolling deep.

Strife of gloomy U-thorno, why ſhould I mark thy wounds? Thou art with the years that are gone; thou fadeſt on my ſoul. Starno brought forward his ſkirt of war, and Swaran his own dark wing. Nor a harmleſs fire is Duth'maruno's ſword. — Lochlin is rolled over her ſtreams. The wrathful kings are folded in thoughts. They roll their ſilent eyes, over the

the flight of their land. — The horn of Fingal was heard: the ſons of woody Albion returned. But many lay, by Turthor's ſtream, ſilent in their blood.

Chief of Cromcharn, ſaid the king, Duth-maruno, hunter of boars! not harmleſs returns my eagle, from the field of foes. For this white-boſomed Lanul ſhall brighten, at her ſtreams; Candona ſhall rejoice, at rocky Crathmo-craulo.

Colgorm *), replied the chief, was the firſt of my race in Albion; Colgorm, the rider of ocean, thro' its watry vales. He ſlew his brother in I-thorno: he

*) The family of Duth-maruno, it appears, came originally from Scandinavia, or, at leaſt, from ſome of the northern iſles, ſubject in chief, to the kings of Lochlin. The Highland ſenachies, who never miſſed to make their comments on and additions to, the works of Oſſian, have given us a long liſt of the anceſtors of Duth-maruno, and a particular account of their actions, many of which are of the marvellous kind. One of the tale-makers of the north has choſen for his hero, Starnmor, the father of Duth-maruno, and, conſidering the adventu-

he left the land of his fathers. He choſe his place, in ſilence, by rocky Crathmo-craulo. His race came forth, in their years; they came forth to war, but they always fell. The wound of my fathers is mine, king of echoing iſles!

He drew an arrow from his ſide. He fell pale, in a land unknown. His ſoul came forth to his fathers, to their ſtormy iſle. There they purſued boars of miſt, along the ſkirts of winds. —— The chiefs ſtood ſilent around, as the ſtones of Loda, on their hill. The traveller ſees them, thro' the twilight, from his lonely path. He thinks them the ghoſts of the aged, forming future wars.

Night came down, on U-thorno. Still ſtood the chiefs in their grief. The blaſt hiſſed, by turns, thro' every warrior's hair. — Fingal, at length, burſted forth from the thoughts of his ſoul. He called Ullin of harps, and bade the ſong to riſe. — No falling fire, that is only ſeen, and then retires in night; no departing meteor was Crathmo-craulo's chief. He was

res thro' which he has led him, the piece is neither diſagreeable, nor abounding with that kind of fiction, which ſhocks credibility.

was like the ſtrong-beaming ſun, long rejoicing on his hill. Call the names of his fathers, from their dwellings old.

I-thorno *), ſaid the bard, that riſeſt midſt ridgy ſeas! Why is thy head ſo gloomy, in the ocean's miſt? From thy vales came forth a race, fearleſs as thy ſtrong-winged eagles; the race of Colgorm of iron ſhields, dwellers of Loda's hall.

In

*) This epiſode is, in the original, extremely beautiful. It is ſet to that wild kind of muſic, which ſome of the Highlanders diſtinguiſh, by the title of *Fón Oi-marra*, or, the *Song of mermaids.* Some part of the air is abſolutely infernal, but there are many returns in the meaſure, which are inexpreſſibly wild and beautiful. From the genius of the muſic, I ſhould think it came originally from Scandinavia. for the fictions delivered down concerning the *Oi marra*, (who are reputed the authors of the muſic) exactly correſpond with the notions of the northern nations, concerning their *diræ*, or, *goddeſſes of death.* — Of all the names in this epiſode, there is none of a Galic original, except Strina-dona, which ſignifies, the *ſtrife of heroes.*

In Tormoth's reſounding iſle, aroſe Lurthan, ſtreamy hill. It bent its woody head above a ſilent vale. There, at foamy Cruruth's ſource, dwelt Rurmar, hunter of boars. His daughter was fair as a ſun-beam, white-boſomed Strinadona!

Many a king of heroes, and hero of iron ſhields; many a youth of heavy locks came to Rurmar's echoing hall. They came to woo the maid, the ſtately huntreſs of Tormoth wild. — But thou lookeſt careleſs from thy ſteps, high-boſomed Striña-dona!

If on the heath ſhe moved, her breaſt was whiter than the down of Cana *); if on the ſeabeat ſhore, than the foam of the rolling ocean. Her eyes were two ſtars of light; her face was heaven's bow in ſhowers; her dark hair flowed round it, like the ſtreaming

*) The *Cana* is a certain kind of graſs, which grows plentifully in the heathy moraſſes of the north. Its ſtalk is of the reedy kind, and it carries a tuft of down, very much reſembling cotton. It is exceſſively white, and, conſequently, often introduced by the bards, in their ſimilies concerning the beauty of women.

aming clouds. — Thou wert the dweller of ſouls, white-handed Strina-dona!

Colgorm came, in his ſhip, and Corcul-ſuran, king of ſhells. The brothers came, from I-thorno, to woo the ſun-beam of Tormoth's iſle. She ſaw them in their echoing ſteel. Her ſoul was fixed on blue-eyed Colgorm. — Ul-lochlin's *) nightly eye looked in, and ſaw the toſſing arms of Strina-dona.

Wrathful the brothers frowned. Their flaming eyes, in ſilence, met. They turned away. They ſtruck their ſhields. Their hands were trembling on their ſwords. They ruſhed into the ſtrife of heroes, for long-haired Strina-dona.

Corcul-ſuran fell in blood. On his iſle, raged the ſtrength of his father. He turned Colgorm, from I-thorno, to wander on all the winds. — In Crathmo-craulo's rocky field, he dwelt, by a foreign ſtream. Nor darkened the king alone, that beam of light was

*) Ul-lochlin, *the guide to Lochlin*; the name of a ſtar.

was near, the daughter of echoing Tormoth, white-armed Strina dona *).

*) The continuation of this episode is just now in my hands; but the language is so different from, and the ideas so unworthy of, Ossian, that I have rejected it, as an interpolation by a modern bard.

CATH-

CATH-LODA:

A

POEM.

DUAN THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

Oſſian, after ſome general reflections, deſcribes the ſituation of Fingal, and the poſition of the army of Lochlin. — The converſation of Starno and Swaran. — The epiſode of Cormar-trunar and Foinar-bragal. — Starno, from his own example, recommends to Swaran, to ſurprize Fingal, who had retired alone to a neighbouring hill. Upon Swaran's refuſal, Starno undertakes the enterprize himſelf, is overcome, and taken priſoner, by Fingal. — He is diſmiſſed, after a ſevere reprimand for his cruelty.

CATH-LODA:

A

POEM.

DUAN THIRD.

Whence is the ſtream of years? Whither do they roll along? Where have they hid, in miſt, their many-coloured ſides? I look into the times of old, but they ſeem dim to Oſſian's eyes, like reflected moon-beams, on a diſtant lake. Here riſe the red beams of war! — There, ſilent, dwells a feeble race! They mark no years with their deeds, as ſlow they paſs along. — Dweller between the ſhields; thou that awakeſt the failing ſoul, deſcend from thy wall, harp of Cona, with thy voices three! Come with that which kindles the paſt: rear the forms of old, on their own dark-brown years!

*) Uthorno, hill of ſtorms, I behold my race on thy ſide. Fingal is bending, in night, over Duth-maruno's tomb. Near him are the ſteps of his heroes, huntets

*) The bards, who were always ready to ſupply what they thought deficient in the poems of Oſſian, have inſerted a great many incidents between the ſecond and third *duän* of Cath-loda. Their interpolations are ſo eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the genuine remains of Oſſian, that it took me very little time to mark them out, and totally to reject them. If the modern Scotch and Iriſh bards have ſhewn any judgment, it is in aſcribing their own compoſitions to names of antiquity, for, by that means, they themſelves have eſcaped that contempt, which the authors of ſuch futile performances muſt, neceſſarily, have met with, from people of true taſte — I was led into this obſervation, by an Iriſh poem, juſt now before me. It concerns a deſcent made by Swaran, king of Lochlin, on Ireland, and is the work, ſays the traditional preface prefixed to it, of *Oſſian Mac-Fion*. It however appears, from ſeveral pious ejaculations, that it was rather the compoſition of ſome good prieſt, in the fifteenth or ſixteenth century, for he ſpeaks,

hunters of the boar. — By Turthor's ſtream the hoſt of Lochlin is deep in ſhades. The wrathful kings ſtood on two hills; they looked forward from their boſſy ſhields. They looked forward on the ſtars of night, red-wandering in the weſt. Cruth-loda bends from high, like a formleſs meteor in clouds. He ſends abroad the winds, and marks them, with his ſigns. Starno foreſaw, that Morven's king was never to yield in war.

He

ſpeaks, with great devotion, of pilgrimage, and more particularly, of the *blue-eye daughters of the convent.* Religious, however, as this poet was, he was not altogether decent, in the ſcenes he introduces between Swaran and the wife of *Congcullion*, both of whom he repreſents as giants. It happening unfortunately, that *Congcullion* was only of a moderate ſtature, his wife, without heſitation, preferred Swaran, as a more adequate match for her own gigantic ſize. From this fatal preference proceeded ſo much miſchief, that the good poet altogether loſt ſight of his principal action, and he ends the piece, with an advice to men, in the choice of their wives, which, however good it may be, I ſhall leave concealed in the obſcurity of the original.

He twice ſtruck the tree in wrath. He ruſhed before his ſon. He hummed a ſurly ſong; and heard his hair in wind. Turned *) from one another, they ſtood, like two oaks, which different winds had bent; each hangs over its own loud rill, and ſhakes its boughs in the courſe of blaſts.

Annir, ſaid Starno of lakes, was a fire that conſumed of old. He poured death from his eyes, along the ſtriving fields. His joy was in the fall of men. Blood, to him, was a ſummer ſtream, that brings joy to withered vales, from its own moſſy rock. — He came forth to the lake Luth-cormo, to meet the tall

*) The ſurly attitude of Starno and Swaran is well adapted to their fierce and uncomplying diſpoſitions. Their characters, at firſt ſight, ſeem little different; but, upon examination, we find, that the poet has dexterouſly diſtinguiſhed between them. They were both dark, ſtubborn, haughty and reſerved: but Starno was cunning, revengeful, and cruel, to the higheſt degree; the diſpoſition of Swaran, though ſavage, was leſs bloody, and ſomewhat tinctured with generoſity. It is doing injuſtice to Oſſian, to ſay, that he has not a great variety of characters.

tall Corman-trunar, he from Urlor of ſtreams, dweller of battle's wing.

The chief of Urlor had come to Gormal, with his dark-boſomed ſhips; he ſaw the daughter of Annir, white-armed Foinar-bragal. He ſaw her: nor careleſs rolled her eyes, on the rider of ſtormy waves. She fled to his ſhip in darkneſs, like a moon-beam thro' a nightly vale. — Annir purſued along the deep; he called the winds of heaven. — Nor alone was the king; Starno was by his ſide. Like U-thorno's young eagle, I turned my eyes on my father.

We came to roaring Urlor. With his people came tall Corman-trunar. We fought; but the foe prevailed. In his wrath ſtood Annir of lakes. He lopped the young trees, with his ſword. His eyes rolled red in his rage. I marked the ſoul of the king, and I retired in night. ——— From the field I took a broken helmet: a ſhield that was pierced with ſteel: pointleſs was the ſpear in my hand. I went to find the foe.

On a rock ſat tall Corman-trunar, beſide his burning oak; and near him, beneath a tree, ſat deep-boſomed Foinar-bragal. I threw my broken ſhield before

fore her; and ſpoke the words of peace. — Beſide his rolling ſea, lies Annir of many lakes. The king was pierced in battle; and Starno is to raiſe his tomb. Me, a ſon of Loda, he ſends to white-handed Foinar-bragal, to bid her ſend a lock from her hair, to reſt with her father, in earth. — And thou king of roaring Urlor, let the battle ceaſe, till Annir receive the ſhell, from fiery-eyed Cruth-loda.

*) Burſting into tears, ſhe roſe, and tore a lock from her hair; a lock, which wandered, in the blaſt, along her heaving breaſt. — Corman-trunar gave the ſhell; and bade me to rejoice before him. — I reſted in the ſhade of night; and hid my face in my helmet deep. — Sleep deſcended on the foe. I roſe, like

*) Oſſian is very partial to the fair ſex. Even the daughter of the cruel Annir, the ſiſter of the revengeful and bloody Starno, partakes not of thoſe diſagreeable characters ſo peculiar to her family. She is altogether tender and delicate. Homer, of all ancient poets, uſes the ſex with leaſt ceremony. His cold contempt is even worſe, than the downright abuſe of the moderns; for to draw abuſe implies the poſſeſſion of ſome merit.

like a ſtalking ghoſt. I pierced the ſide of Cormantrunar. Nor did Foinar-bragal eſcape. She rolled her white boſom in blood. Why then, daughter of heroes, didſt thou wake my rage? — Morning roſe. The foe were fled, like the departure of miſt. Annir ſtruck his boſſy ſhield. He called his dark-haired ſon. I came, ſtreaked with wandering blood: thrice roſe the ſhout of the king, like the burſting forth of a ſquall of wind, from a cloud, by night. — We rejoiced, three days, above the dead, and called the hawks of heaven. They came, from all their winds, to feaſt on Annir's foes. — Swaran! — Fingal is alone *), on his hill of night. Let thy ſpear pierce the king in ſecret; like Annir, my ſoul ſhall rejoice.

Son of Annir of Gormal, Swaran ſhall not ſlay in ſhades. I move forth in light: the hawks ruſh from

*) Fingal, according to the cuſtom of the Caledonian kings, had retired to a hill alone, as he himſelf was to reſume the command of the army the next day. Starno might have ſome intelligence of the king's retiring, which occaſions his requeſt to Swaran, to ſtab him; as he foreſaw, by his art of divination, that he could not overcome him in open battle.

from all their winds. They are wont to trace my courſe; it is not harmleſs thro' war.

Burning roſe the rage of the king. He thrice raiſed his gleaming ſpear. But ſtarting, he ſpared his ſon; and ruſhed into the night. — By Turthor's ſtream a cave is dark, the dwelling of Conban-carglas. There he laid the helmet of kings, and called the maid of Lulan, but ſhe was diſtant far, in Loda's reſounding hall.

Swelling in his rage, he ſtrode, to where Fingal lay alone. The king was laid on his ſhield, on his own ſecret hill. — Stern hunter of ſhaggy boars, no feeble maid is laid before thee: no boy, on his ferny bed, by Turthor's murmuring ſtream. Here is ſpread the couch of the mighty, from which they riſe to deeds of death. Hunter of ſhaggy boars awaken not the terrible.

Starno came murmuring on. Fingal aroſe in arms. "Who art thou, ſon of night?" Silent he threw the ſpear. They mixed their gloomy ſtrife. The ſhield of Starno fell, cleft in twain. He is bound to an oak. The early beam aroſe. — Then Fingal beheld

beheld the king of Gormal. He rolled a while his ſilent eyes. He thought of other days, when white-boſomed Agandecca moved like the muſic of ſongs.—He looſed the thong from his hands. — Son of Annir, he ſaid, retire. Retire to Gormal of ſhells: a beam that was ſet returns. I remember thy white-boſomed daughter.; —— dreadful king away! —— Go to thy troubled dwelling, cloudy foe of the lovely! Let the ſtranger ſhun thee, thou gloomy in the hall!

A tale of the times of old!

OINA-MORUL:

A

POEM.

ARGUMENT.

After an addreſs to Malvina, the daughter of Toſcar, Oſſian proceeds to relate his own expedition to Fuärfed, an iſland of Scandinavia. — Mal orchol, king of Fuärfed, being hard preſſed in war, by Ton-thormod, chief of Sar-dronlo, (who had demanded, in vain, the daughter of Mal-orchol in marriage) Fingal ſent Oſſian to his aid. ——— Oſſian, on the day after his arrival, came to battle with Ton-thormod, and took him priſoner. — Mal-orchol offers his daughter Oina-morul to Oſſian; but he, diſcovering her paſſion for Ton-thormod, generouſly ſurrenders her to her lover, and brings about a reconciliation between the two kings.

OINA-MORUL:

A

POEM.

As flies the unconſtant ſun, over Larmon's graſſy hill; ſo paſs the tales of old, along my ſoul, by night. When bards are removed to their place; when harps are hung in Selma's hall; then comes a voice to Oſſian, and awakes his ſoul. It is the voice of years that are gone: they roll before me, with all their deeds. I ſeize, the tales, as they paſs, and pour them forth in ſong. Nor a troubled ſtream is the ſong of the king, it is like the riſing of muſic from Lutha of the ſtrings. — Lutha of many ſtrings, not ſilent are ſtreamy rocks, when the white hands of Malvina move upon the harp. — Light of the ſhadowy thoughts, that fly acroſs my ſoul, daughter of Toſcar of helmets, wilt thou not hear the ſong! We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away.

It was in the days of the king, *) while yet my locks were young, that I marked Con-cathlin**), on high, from ocean's nightly wave. My courſe was towards the iſle of Fuärfed, woody dweller of ſeas. Fingal had ſent me to the aid of Mal-orchol, king of Fuärfed,

*) Fingal.

**) Con-cathlin, *mild beam of the wave.* What ſtar was ſo called of old is not eaſily aſcertained. Some now diſtinguiſh the pole-ſtar by that name. A ſong, which is ſtill in repute, among the ſea-faring part of the Highlanders, alludes to this paſſage of Oſſian. The author commends the knowledge of Oſſian in ſea affairs, a merit, which, perhaps, few of us moderns will allow him, or any in the age in which he lived. — One thing is certain, that the Caledonians often made their way thro' the dangerous and tempeſtuous ſeas of Scandinavia; which is more, perhaps, than the more poliſhed nations, ſubſiſting in thoſe times, dared to venture. — In eſtimating the degree of knowledge of arts among the antients, we ought not to bring it into compariſon with the improvements of modern times. Our advantages over them proceed more from accident, than any merit of ours.

Fuärfed wild: for war was around him, and our fathers had met, at the feaſt.

In Col-coiled, I bound my ſails, and ſent my ſword to Mal-orchol of ſhells. He knew the ſignal of Albion, and his joy aroſe. He came from his own high hall, and ſeized my hand in grief. "Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king? Ton-thormod of many ſpears is the chief of wavy Sar-dronlo. He ſaw and loved my daughter, white boſomed Oinamórul. He ſought; I denied the maid; for our fathers had been foes. — He came, with battle, to Fuärfed. My people are rolled away. — Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king?"

I come not, I ſaid, to look, like a boy, on the ſtrife. Fingal remembers Mal-orchol, and his hall for ſtrangers. From his waves, the warrior deſcended, on thy woody iſle. Thou wert no cloud before him. Thy feaſt was ſpread with ſongs. For this my ſword ſhall riſe; and thy foes perhaps may fail. — Our friends are not forgot in their danger, tho' diſtant is our land.

Son of the daring Trenmor, thy words are like the voice of Cruth-leda, when he ſpeaks, from his

parting cloud, ſtrong dweller of the ſky! Many have rejoiced at my feaſt; but they all have forgot Mal-orchol. I have looked towards all the winds, but no white ſails were ſeen. — But ſteel *) reſounds in my hall; and not

*) There is a ſevere ſatire couched in this expreſſion, againſt the gueſts of Mal-orchol. Had his feaſt been ſtill ſpread, had joy continued in his hall, his former paraſites would not have failed to reſort to him. But as the time of feſtivity was paſt, their attendance alſo ceaſed. The ſentiments of a certain old bard are agreeable to this obſervation. He, poetically, compares a great man to a fire kindled in a deſart place. "Thoſe that pay court to him, ſays he, are rolling large around him, like the ſmoke about the fire, This ſmoke gives the fire a great appearance at a diſtance, but it is but an empty vapour itſelf, and varying its form at every breeze. When the trunk, which ſep the fire, is conſumed, the ſmoke departs on all the winds. So the flatterers forſake their chief, when his power declines." I have choſen to give a paraphraſe, rather than a tranſlation, of this paſſage, as the original is verboſe and forthy, notwithſtanding of the ſentimental merit of the author. — He was one of the leſs antient bards,

not the joyful ſhells. — Come to my dwelling, race of heroes; dark-ſkirted night is near. Hear the voice of ſongs, from the maid of Fuärfed wild.

We went. On the harp aroſe the white hands of Oina morul. She waked her own ſad tale, from every trembling ſtring. I ſtood in ſilence; for bright in her locks was the daughter of many iſles. Her eyes were like two ſtars, looking forward thro' a ruſhing ſhower. The mariner marks them on high, and bleſſes the lovely beams. — With morning we ruſhed to battle, to Tormul's reſounding ſtream: the foe moved to the ſound of Ton-thormod's boſſy ſhield. From wing to wing the ſtrife was mixed. I met the chief of Sar-dronlo. Wide flew his broken ſteel. I ſeized the king in fight. I gave his hand, bound faſt with thongs, to Mal-orchol, the giver of ſhells. Joy roſe at the feaſt of Fuärfed, for the foe had failed. —— Ton-thormod turned his face away, from Oina-morul of iſles.

Son of Fingal, begun Mal-orchol, not forgot ſhalt thou paſs from me. A light ſhall dwell in thy

bards, and their compoſitions are not nervous enough to bear a literal tranſlation.

thy ſhip. Oina-morul of ſlow-rolling eyes. She ſhall kindle gladneſs, along thy mighty ſoul. Nor unheeded ſhall the maid move in Selma, thro' the dwelling of kings.

In the hall I lay in night. Mine eyes were half-cloſed in ſleep. Soft muſic came to mine ear: it was like the riſing breeze, that whirls, at firſt, the thiſtle's beard; then flies, dark-ſhadowy, over the graſs. It was the maid of Fuárfed wild: ſhe raiſed the nightly ſong; for ſhe knew that my ſoul was a ſtream, that flowed at pleaſant ſounds.

Who looks, ſhe ſaid, from his rock, on ocean's cloſing miſt? His long locks, like the raven's wing, are wandering on the blaſt. Stately are his ſteps in grief. The tears are in his eyes. His manly breaſt is heaving over his burſting ſoul. — Retire, I am diſtant far; a wanderer in lands unknown. Tho' the race of kings are around me, yet my ſoul is dark. — Why have our fathers been foes, Ton-thormod love of maids!

Soft voice of the ſtreamy iſle, why doſt thou mourn by night; the race of daring Trenmor are not the dark in ſoul. Thou ſhalt not wander, by ſtreams unknown

unknown, blue-eyed Oina-morul. — Within this boſom is a voice; it comes not to other ears: it bids Oſſian hear the hapleſs, in their hour of woe. —— Retire, ſoft ſinger by night; Ton-thormod ſhall not mourn on his rock.

With morning I looſed the king. I gave the long-haired maid. Mal-orchol heard my words, in the midſt of his echoing halls. —— "King of Fuärfed wild, why ſhould Ton-thormod mourn? He is of the race of heroes, and a flame in war. Your fathers have been foes, but now their dim ghoſts rejoice in death. They ſtretch their arms of miſt to the ſame ſhell in Loda. Forget their rage, ye warriors, it was the cloud of other years." ——

Such were the deeds of Oſſian, while yet his locks were young: tho' lovelineſs, with a robe of beams, clothed the daughter of many iſles. — We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!

COLNA-

COLNA-DONA:

A

POEM.

ARGUMENT.

Fingal diſpatches Oſſian and Toſcar to raiſe a ſtone, on the banks of the ſtream of Crona, to perpetuate the memory of a victory, which he had obtained in that place. When they were employed in that work, Car-ul, a neighbouring chief, invited them to a feaſt. — They went: and Toſcar fell deſperately in love with Colna-dona, the daughter of Car-ul. Colna-dona became no leſs enamoured of Toſcar. An incident, at a hunting-party, brings their loves to a happy iſſue.

COLNA-DONA:

A

POEM.

*) Col-amon of troubled ſtreams, dark wanderer of diſtant vales, I behold thy courſe, between trees, near Car-ul's echoing halls. There dwelt bright

*) Colna-dona ſignifies *the love of heroes.* Col-amon, *narrow river.* Car-ul, *dark-eyed.* Col-amon, the reſidence of Car-ul, was in the neighbourhood of Agricola's wall, towards the ſouth. Car-ul ſeems to have been of the race of thoſe Britons, who are diſtinguiſhed by the name of Maiatæ, by the writers of Rome. Maiatæ is derived from two Galic words, Moi, *a plain*, and Aitich, *inhabitants;* ſo that the ſignification of Maiatæ is, *the inhabitants of the plain country;* a name given to the Britons, who were ſettled in the Low-lands, in contradiſtinction to the Caledonians, (i. e. Cael-don, *the Gauls of the hills*) who

bright Colna-dona, the daughter of the king. Her eyes were rolling ſtars; her arms were white as the foam of ſtreams. Her breaſt roſe ſlowly to ſight, like ocean's heaving wave. Her ſoul was a ſtream of light. —— Who, among the maids, was like the love of heroes?

Beneath the voice of the king, we moved to Crona *) of the ſtreams, Toſcar of graſſy Lutha, and Oſſian,

who were poſſeſſed of the more mountainous diviſion of North-Britain.

*) Crona, *murmuring*, was the name of a ſmall ſtream, which diſcharged itſelf in the river Carron. It is often mentioned by Oſſian, and the ſcenes of many of his poems are on its banks. — The enemies, whom Fingal defeated here are not mentioned. They were, probably, the provincial Britons. That tract of country between the Firths of Forth and Clyde has been, thro' all antiquity, famous for battles and rencounters, between the different nations, who were poſſeſſed of North and South Britain. Stirling, a town ſituated there, derives its name from that very circumſtance. It is a corruption of the Galic name, STRILA, i. e. *the hill, or rock, of contention.*

Oſſian, young in fields. Three bards attended with ſongs. Three boſſy ſhields were born before us: for we were to rear the ſtone, in memory of the paſt. By Crona's moſſy courſe, Fingal had ſcattered his foes: he had rolled away the ſtrangers, like a troubled ſea. We came to the place of renown: from the mountains deſcended night. I tore an oak from its hill, and raiſed a flame on high. I bade my fathers to look down, from the clouds of their hall; for, at the fame of their race, they brighten in the wind.

I took a ſtone from the ſtream, amidſt the ſong of bards. The blood of Fingal's foes hung curdled in its ooze. Beneath, I placed, at intervals, three boſſes from the ſhields of foes, as roſe or fell the ſound of Ullin's nightly ſong. Toſcar laid a dagger in earth, a mail of ſounding ſteel. We raiſed the mould around the ſtone, and bade it ſpeak to other years.

Oozy daughter of ſtreams, that now art reared on high, ſpeak to the feeble, O ſtone, after Selma's race have failed! — Prone, from the ſtormy night, the traveller ſhall lay him, by thy ſide: thy whiſtling moſs ſhall ſound in his dreams; the years that

were paſt ſhall return. — Battles riſe before him, blue-ſhielded kings deſcend to war: the darkened moon looks from heaven, on the troubled field. — He ſhall burſt, with morning, from dreams, and ſee the tombs of warriors round. He ſhall aſk about the ſtone, and the aged will reply, " This grey ſtone was raiſed by Oſſian, a chief of other years! "

*) From Cal-amon came a bard, from Car-ul, the friend of ſtrangers. He bade us to the feaſt of kings,

*) The manners of the Britons and Caledonians were ſo ſimilar, in the days of Oſſian, that there can be no doubt, that they were originally the ſame people, and deſcended from thoſe Gauls who firſt poſſeſſed themſelves of South-Britain, and gradually migrated This hypotheſis is more rational than the idle fables of ill-informed ſenachies, who bring the Caledonians from diſtant countries. The bare opinion of Tacitus, (which, by-thebye, was only founded on a ſimilarity of the perſonal figure of the Caledonians to the Germans of his own time) tho' it has ſtaggered ſome learned men, is not ſufficient to make us believe, that the antient inhabitants of North-Britain

kings, to the dwelling of bright Colna-dona. We went to the hall of harps. There Car-ul brightened between his aged locks, when he beheld the ſons of his friends, like two young trees with their leaves.

Sons of the mighty, he ſaid, ye bring back the days of old, when firſt I deſcended from waves, on Selma's ſtreamy vale. I purſued Duth-mocarglos, dweller of ocean's wind. Our fathers had been foes, we met by Clutha's winding waters. He fled, along the ſea, and my ſails were ſpread behind him. —— Night deceived me, on the deep. I came to the dwelling of kings, to Selma of high-boſomed maids. — Fingal came forth with his bards, and Conloch, arm of death. I feaſted three days in the hall, and ſaw the blue-eyes of Erin, Ros-crana, daughter of heroes, light of Cormac's race. — Nor forgot did my ſteps depart:

tain were a German colony. A diſcuſſion of a point like this might be curious, but could never be ſatisfactory. Periods ſo diſtant are ſo involved in obſcurity, that nothing certain can be now advanced concerning them. The light which the Roman writers hold forth is too feeble to guide us to the truth, thro' the darkneſs which has ſurrounded it.

depart: the kings gave their ſhields to Car-ul: they hang, on high, in Col-amon, in memory of the paſt. — Sons of the daring kings, ye bring back the days of old.

Car-ul placed the oak of feaſts. He took two boſſes from our ſhields. He laid them in earth, beneath a ſtone, to ſpeak to the hero's race. "When battle, ſaid the king, ſhall roar, and our ſons are to meet in wrath; my race ſhall look, perhaps, on this ſtone, when they prepare the ſpear. — Have not our fathers met in peace, they will ſay, and lay aſide the ſhield?"

Night came down. In her long locks moved the daughter of Car-ul. Mixed with the harp aroſe the voice of white-armed Colna-dona. — Toſcar darkened in his place, before the love of heroes. She came on his troubled ſoul, like a beam to the dark-heaving ocean: when it burſts from a cloud, and brightens the foamy ſide of a wave *).

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With

*) Here an epiſode is intirely loſt; or, at leaſt, is handed down ſo imperfectly, that is does not deſerve a place in the poem.

With morning we awaked the woods; and hung forward on the path of the roes. They fell by their wonted ſtreams. We returned thro' Crona's vale. From the wood a youth came forward, with a ſhield and pointleſs ſpear. "Whence, ſaid Toſcar of Lutha, is the flying beam? Dwells there peace at Col-amon, round bright Colna-dona of harps?"

By Col-amon of ſtreams, ſaid the youth, bright Colna-dona dwelt. She dwelt; but her courſe is now in deſarts, with the ſon of the king; he that ſeized her ſoul as it wandered thro' the hall.

Stranger of tales, ſaid Toſcar, haſt thou marked the warrior's courſe? He muſt fall, — give thou that boſſy ſhield! — In wrath he took the ſhield. Fair behind it heaved the breaſts of a maid, white as the boſom of a ſwan, riſing on ſwift-rolling waves. It was Colna-dona of harps, the daughter of the king. — Her blue eyes had rolled on Toſcar, and her love aroſe.

A SPECIMEN OF THE ORIGINAL OF TEMORA.

BOOK SEVENTH.

ADVERTISSEMENT.

It is thought proper to give a ſpecimen of the original Galic, for the ſatisfaction of thoſe who doubt the authenticity of Oſſian's poems. The ſeventh book of TEMORA is fixed on, for that purpoſe, not from any other ſuperior merit, than the variety of its verſification. To print any part of the former collection was unneceſſary, as a copy of the originals lay, for many months, in the bookſeller's hands, for the inſpection of the curious. Tho' the erroneous ortography of the bards is departed from, in many inſtances, in the following ſpecimen, yet ſeveral quieſcent conſonants are retained, to ſhew the derivation of the words. This circumſtance may give an uncouth appearance to the language, in the eyes of thoſe who are ſtrangers to its harmony. They ought, however, to conſider, that a language is put to the ſevereſt teſt, when it is ſtripped of its own proper characters; eſpecially, when the power of *one* of them requires, ſometimes, a combination of two or three Roman letters to expreſs it.

A SPECIMEN OF THE ORIGINAL OF TEMORA.

BOOK SEVENTH.

O Linna doir-choille na *Leigo*,
Air uair, cri' ceo taobh-ghórm nan tón:
Nuair dhunas dorſa na h'oicha
Air iulluir-ſhuil greina nan ſpeur.
Tomhail, mo *Lara* nan ſruth,
Thaomas du'-nial, as doricha cruaim:
Mar ghlas-ſcia', roi taoma nan nial,
Snamh ſeachad, ta Gellach na h'oicha.
Le ſo edi' taiſin o-ſhean
An dlu'-ghleus, a meaſc na gaoith,

'S iad leamnach, o oſna gu oſna,
Air du'-aghai' oicha nan ſian.
An taobh oitaig, gu palin nan ſeoid,
Taomas iad ceàch nan ſpeur,
Gorm-thalla do thannais nach béo,
Gu ám eri' fón marbh-rán nan teud.

Ta torman, a machair nan crán
Se *Conar* ri *Erin* at'. àn,
A taoma' ceo-tanais gu dlu'
Air *Faolan* aig *Lubhair* nan ſru'
Muladach, ſuigha fo bhrón,
Dh'aom an tais an ceach an loin.
Thaom oſna, eſſin an fein,
Ach phil an cruth aluin, gu diän
Phíl é le chrom-ſhealla mál
Le cheo-leatain, mar ſhuibhal nan ſian.
'S doilleir ſo!
Ata na ſloigh na nſuain, ſan ám,
An truſcan cear na h'oicha:
Dh' ilſich teina an ri, gu ard,
Dh' aom é na aonar, air ſcia'.
Thuit codal, mo ſhuillin a ghaiſeich,
Thanic guth *Fhaolan*, na chluais.

An

An codal ſo, don' fhear-phoſda aig *Clatho?*
Am bail coni do m'athair, an ſuain?
Am bail cuina, 's mi 'ntruſcan nan nial?
'S mi m' aonar an ám na h'oicha?

Cur ſon ta ú, a m' aſlin fein?
Thubhart *Fion-ghael*, 's é'g eri grad.
An dith-chuin, d'omſe, mo mhac,
Na ſhiubhal teina air Rethlan nan laoich?
Ni marſin, air anam an ri,
Thig gniomh ſeoid aluin na ncruai'-bheum.'
Ni ndeallan iadſe, a theichas an dubhra
Na h'oicha, 'snach fhág a lorg.
'S cuina liom *Faolan* na ſhuain:
'Ta m'anam aig eri' borb.

Ghluais an ri, le ſleagh, gu grad,
Bhuail e nſcia' as fuaimnach cop,
An ſcia' a dh' aom ſa n'oicha ard,
Bal'moſgla' do cháth nan lót.
Air aomagh du' nan ſliabh,
Air gaoith, theich treud nan tais:
O ghleanan cear nan ioma lúp,
'Mhoſguil guth a bhais.

Bhuail

Bhuail é'n ſcia, an darra cuairt,
Ghluais coga, an aſlin an t'ſhluaigh:
Bhith comh-ſri nan làn glas —
A dealra' air anam nan ſeoid,
Cian-ſheona a truita' gu cath,
Slua' a teicha, — gniomh bu chruai,
Leth-ohoilleir, an deallan na ſtalin.

Nuair dh' erich, an darra fuaim,
Leum feigh, o chós nan cárn
Chluinte a ſererdan ſeé', ſa n' fhaſich ——
Gach Ean, air oſna fein,
Leth-erich ſiol *Albin* nam buaigh
Thog iad ſuas gack ſleagh, bu ghlas:
Ach phíl ſachir, air an l' ſhluaigh,
Se bh' án ſcia' *Mhorbhein* na mfras.
Phíl codal, air ſuilin na mfear:
Bu doreha, tróm a nglean.

Ni mo chodal, diurſe é, ſa nuair,
Nion ſhuil-ghórm *Chomnar* na mbuaigh, —
Cuala *Suil mhalla* an fhuaim
Dh' erich i, ſa n' oicha, le cruaim;
Ta ceum gu rí *Atha* na ncolg:

Ni

Ni moſguil cunart anam borb,
Tróm a ſhéſi, ——— a ſuilin ſios.
Ta 'nſpeur a loſga nan reul.

Chualas lé ſciath na ncòp.
Ghluais; — ghrad ſhés an Oi: —
Dh' erich a gu' — ach dh' aom é ſios. ———
Chuinic ís é, na ſtalin chruai,
A dealra ri loſga nan reul:
Chuinic is é, na leatan tróm.
Aig eri ri oſna nan ſpeur.
Thionta i ceamna, le fiamh,
Curſon dhuiſgimſe Ri *Erin* na m *Bólg*
Ni n' aſlin do chodal u-fein,
A nion *Inis-uina* na ncólg.

Gu garg a mhoſgul an torman;
On' oi thuit a cean-bhért ſios:
Ta mforum, air carric nan ſruth.
Plaoſga, o aſlin na h'oicha,
Ghluais *Cathmor* fa' chrán fein.
Chuinic é n' Oi bu tla,
Air carric *Lubhair* nan ſliabh:
Dearg reul, a ſealla ſios, —
Meaſc ſiubhal a tróm chiabh.

Cia 'ta roi Oicha gu *Cathmor*
An cear-amſair aſlin fein?
Am bail fios duit, air ſri na ncruai-bheum?
Cia uſſa, mhic dubhra nan ſpeur?
Na ſhéş u, am fion as an Ri,
Do chaol-thannais, on n' am o-ſhean?
Na nguth u, o neoil nam frás,
Le cunairt *Erin* na nclog ſean?

Ni mfear ſiubhail dubhra mi-fhein,
Ni nguth mi, o neol, na cruaim:
Ach ta m' fhocul, le cunairt na h' *Erin*,
An cualas duit eoppan na fuaim?
Ni ntais é, Ri *Atha* nan ſruth,
A thaomas an fhuaim air oicha.

Taomagh an ſeod a ghuth fein,
'S fon clarſich, do *Chathmor* an fhuaim,
Ta aitis, mhic dubhra nan ſpeur,
Loſga air m' anam, gun ghruaim.
Se ceoil chean-fheona na ncruai-bheum,
A m' oicha, air aſri nan ſiän,
Nuair laſas anam nan ſön;
A chlán an cruadal do miän.

Ta ſiol-meata a nconi, na mſiamh,
A ngleanan na n' oſna tlá,
Far an aom ceo-maidin, ri ſliabh,
O ghorm-ſhuibhal ſruthan na mblár.

Ni meata, chean-uia nan ſón,
An ſeans'ra', on thuit mi-fein,
Bu choni doigh dubhra nan tón,
An tir fhadda ſiol cholgach na mbeum,
Ach ni nſolas do m'anam tlá
Fuaim mhál a bhais on raoin,
Thig eſſin nach geil gu bráth;
Moſguil bard focuil a ſcaoin. —

Mar charric, 's ſruthan ri taobh,
'M faſich na mſaoin bhean,
Shes *Cathmor*, cean-feona mach maoin, —
An deoir ———
Mar oitag, air anam le brón,
Thanic guth caoin na h'oi,
Moſgla cuina talamh nan bean
A caomh-choni aig ſruthan na nglean;
Roi n' ám an d' thanic é gu borb
Gu cabhar *Chonmor* na ncolg ſiar.

A nion

A nion coigrich nan lán,
(Thionta i cean on d' ſhón)
'S fadda fa, m' ſhuil, an cruai,
Cran flathal *Inis-uina* nan tón.
Ta m' anam, do thubhairt mi-fein,
An truſcan nan ſian cear,
Car ſon a laſſa an dealra ſo fhein,
Gus am pil mi, an sí', on d' ſhliabh?

Na ghlas m' aighai', na t' fhionas, a lamh-gheal,
'S tu togmhail do m' eagal an Ri?
'Sám cunairt, annir nan tróm chiabh.
Am do m' anam, mór-thalla na ſri!
Attas e, tomhail mar ſruth,
A taomagh air *Cael* na ncruaí-bheum.

An taobh carric choſach, air *Lona*,
Mo chaochan, nan ſruthan cróm,
Glas, a nciabh na h' aoſe,
'Ta *Claon-mhal*, Ri clarſich nam fón.
O s' cion ta cran-darrach na mſuaim,
Agus ſiubhal nan rua-bhoc ſliom,
'Ta forum na ſri' na chluais
S é 'g aomagh à nſmuina nach tiom.

An

An ſin bith do thalla, *Shul-mhalla*,
Gus an illſich forum na mbeum:
Gus ám píl mi, an laſla na cruai',
O thruſcan dubhra na bein:
On cheäch do thruſſas o *Lona*
Ma choni mo ruin fein,

Thuit gath-ſoluis air anam na h'oi,
Las i ſuas, fa' choir an Ri:
Thionta i á h' aighai ri *Cathmor*,
A ciabh-bhóg ans' na h' oſna á ſri?

Reupar iulluir nan ſpeür árd,
O mhór-ſrúth gaoith na nglean,
Nuair chi' é na ruai-bhuic, fa' choir,
Clán elid na mfaoin bhean,
Mu ntionta *Cathmor* na ncruai-bheum,
On d' ſrí mu n' erich dán. —
Faicimſe u, ghasgaich na ngeur lán,
O thruſcan an dubhra dú',
Nuair thogas ceo mu m' choni fein,
Air *Lona* na n' ioma ſrú'?
Nuair's fadda, o m' ſhuil, u ſheoid!
Puail coppan na mfuaim árd.

Pillé ſolas, do m' anam, 's é nceö
'S mi aig aoma air carric liom fein.
Ach mo thuit u—mar ri coigrich ata mí;
Thigga' do ghuth o neoil,
Gu oi *Inis-uina*, 's i fán.

Og gheug *Lunoin* an fheur,
Com dh' aoma tu, 'nſtrachda nan ſian?
'S tric thionta *Cathmor* ó nbhlár
Du'-thaomagh air aighai' nan ſliabh.
Mar mhellain, do m' fein, ta ſleagh nan lót,
'S iad prunagh air cós nan ſciath;
Dh' erim, mo ſholluis, on d' ſhrí;
Mar thein-oicha, o thaoma nan niäl
Na píl, a dheo-ghreina, on ghlean
Nuair dhluthichas forum na ncolg:
Eagal teachá do nabhad o m'lamh,
Mar theich iad, o ſhiean' ſra' na m *Bólg*.

Chualas le *Sonmór* air *Cluanar*,
Thuit fa *Chormac* na ngeúr lán,
Tri lo dhorch an Ri,
Mu n' fhear, a gh' aom an ſri na glean,
Chuinac min-bhean, a són á neco.

Phroſnich

Phroſnich ſud d' i ſiubhal gu ſliabh,
Thog i bogha, fos n' ioſal,
Gu dol marri laoch nan ſciath.
Do n' ainir luigh dubhra air *Atha*,
Nuair ſhuilagh á ngaiſgach gu gniomh.

O cheud ſruthan aonach na h'oicha,
Thaom ſiol *Alnecma* ſios.
Chualas ſcia' chaſnachd an Ri,
Mhoſguil a n' anam gu ſri'
Bha' an ſiubhal, a mforum nan lán,
Gu *Ullin*, talamh na neran.
Bhuail *Sonmor*, air uari', an ſciath
Cean-feona na mborb thriath.
Na ndeabh, lean *Sul-allin*
Air aoma na mfras,
Bu ſholus is, air aonach,
Nuair thaom iad air gleanta glas.
Ta ceamna flathail air lóm,
Nuair thog iad, ri aghai nan tóm,
B' eagal d' i ſcalla an Ri —
Dh' fhág i, n' *Atha* na mſri'.

Nuair dh' erich forum na mbeum,
Agus thaom iad, ſa cheille, ſa chath,

Loiſg *Sonmor*, mar theina nan ſpeur,
Thanic *Sul-aluin* na mflath.
A folt ſcaoilta, ſa n' oſna,
A h' anam aig oſparn mon' Ri.
Dh' aom é an t' ſhri' mu rún nan laoich.
Theich nabhad fa' dhubhra nan ſpeur
Luigh *Cluanar* gun fhuil,
Gun fhuil, air tigh caoil gun leus. ——

Ni n' d' erich fearg *Shon-mhor* nan lán,
Bha' lo gu dorcha, 's gu mál:
Ghluais *Sul allin* mu gorm-ſrù' fein,
A ſuil an reachda nan deuir.
Bu lionmhar a ſealla, gu caoin
Air gaiſgach ſabhach nach faoin.
Ach thionta i a ſuillin tla,
O ſhealla, an laoch thuatal.
Mhoſgul blair, mar fhorum nan nial,
Ghluais doran o anam mór,
Chunas a ceamna, le aitis,
'Sa lamh-gheal air clarſich na mſón.

Na chruai a ghluais an Ri, gun dail,
Bhuail é 'n ſciath choſach árd;

Gu

Cu árd, air darach nan ſian,
Aig *Lubhair* na n' ioma ſruth.
Seachd coppain a bh', air an ſcé,
Seachd focuil an Ri' do ſhluagh;
A thaomagh air oſna nan ſpeur,
Air finachá mór na m *Bólg*.

Air gach copan ta reül do n'oicha;
Cean-mathon nan ros gun ſcleo',
Caol-derna, o neoil aig eri',
Ul-oicho an truſcan do cheö.
'Ta *Caon-cathlin*, air carric, a dealra
Reül-dura' ar gorm-thón on iar:
Leth-chellagh ſolus an uiſce.
Ta *Ber-thein*, las-ſhuil nan ſliabh,
Sealla ſios, o choille ſa n'aonach;
Air mál ſhiubhal, sélgair 's é triäl,
Roi ghleanan, an dubhra bhraonach,
Le faogh rua-bhuic nan leum árd.

Tomhail, a miän na ſcé,
'Ta laſſa *Ton-theina*, gun neoil,
An rinnac a ſheal, roi n'oicha,
Air *Lear-thon* a chuain mhoir;

Lear-thon, cean-feona na m *Bólg*
A nceud-fhear a ſhuibhail air gaoith.

Leathain ſcaoile ſeoil bhán an Ri.
Gu *Inis-fail* nan ioma ſru?
Thaom oicha air aighai' a chuain,
Agus ceäch nan truſcan du',
Bha' gaoith a caochla dlu' ſa nſpeur.
Leum loingheas, o thòn gu tón;
Nuair dh' erich *Ton-theina* nan ſtuagh
Caon-ſhealla, o bhriſta' nan nial,
B' aitis do *Learthon* tein-uil na mbuaigh,
A dealra air domhan nan ſian.

Fa' ſleagh *Chathmor* na neolg ſean
Dhuiſge an guth, a dhuiſga Baird.
Thaom iad du', o thaobh nan ſliabh,
Le clarſich ghrin 's gach lamh.
Le aitis mór, ſhés rompa an Ri,
Mar fhear-ſiubhal, ri teas la 'nglean.
Nuair chluinas é, fadda ſa nréth,
Caoin thorman ſruthan na mbean:
Sruthan a bhriſtas ſa n' fhaſich,
O charric thaobh-ghlas nan rua-bhoc.

Cur

Cur ſon chluinim guth ard an Ri —
N' ám codal, a n' oicha nan fras?
Am facas tanais nach beo,
Meaſc t'aſlin aig aoma glas?
Air neoil am bail an aitach fuar,
Feaghai' fón *Fhonair* na mfleagh?
'S lionmhar an ſiubhal air réth,
Far an tog an ſiol an t' ſhleagh.
Na n' erich, ar cronan air thús,
Mu n' fhear, nach tog on t' ſhlea' gu brath;
Fear choſcairt, air glean nan ſloigh,
O *Mhoma* nan ioma bad?

Ni dith-chuin do m' dorcha na mblár
Chean-fheona na mbard, o thús,
Togar cloch do aig *Lubhair* na ncárn,
Ait-coni dh' *Fholdath* 'ſdo chliu.
Ach taom m' anam, air ám nan laoich,
Air na bliaghna', ſo n d' erich iad ſuas,
Air tón *Inis-uina* na ncolg,
Ni n' aitis, do *Chathmor* a bhain,
Cuina *Lumon* inis uina na nſloi?
Lumon talamh na nſruth,
Caon-choni na mbán-bhroilach Oi,

Lumon na ſruth!
'Ta u dealra, air m' anam fein,
'Ta do ghrian, air do thaobh,
Air carric na neràn bu tróm.

Tat' elid chear
Do dhearg bar-mhor, a meaſc na m'bad
A faicin air ſliabh.
An colg-chu, a ſiubhal grad.
Màl air an réth
Ta ceamna nan Oi:
Oi lamh-gheal nan teud
'S na bogha cróm, ſa mhoi;
Togmhail an gorm-ſhuil tlá,
On leatain bhar-bhui, air ſliabh na mſlath,
Ni bail ceamna *Lear-thon* ſa bhein,
Cean *Inis* na ngeug *uina*.

Ta è togmhail du-dharach air tón,
A neamis *Chluba*, nan ioma ſtua',
An du-dharach, bhuain é o *Lumon*,
Gu ſiubhal air aighai a chuain.
Thionta Oi an ſuillin tlá,
On Ri, mo ntuitagh é ſios.

Ni

Ni mfacas leö riamh an long,
Cear mharcach a chuain mhoir.

Ghlaoi' anois, an Ri a ghaoith.
Meaſc ceó na marra glais.
Dh' erich *Inis-fail* gu gorm:
Thuit, gu dian, oicha na mfrais.
Bhuail eagal *Clan-Bholga* gu lua'
Ghlan neoil, o *Thon-theina* nan ſtua'
A ncamis *Chulbin* dh' atich an long
Far am fregra' coille do thón.
Bu chopach an ſin an ſru'
O charric *Duth-umha* na ncós,
'San dealra tannais nach beo
Le ncruith caochlach fein.

Thanic aſlin gu *Lear-thon* nan long,
Seachd Samla do nlina nach beo,
Chualas a nguth briſta, tróm:
Chunas an ſiol an ceö.
Chunas ſiol *Atha* no ncolg —
'San clán cian-uia' na 'm *Bolg*.
Thaom iad a mfeachda' fein,
Mar cheach a terna on bhein,

Nuair ſhiubhlas é glas, fa' oſna,
Air *Atha* nan ioma dos.

Thog *Lear-thon* talla *Shamla*,
Ri caoin fhón clarſich nan teud.
Dh' aom eilid *Erin*, o cheamna
Aig aiſra' glas nan ſruth.
Nin dith-chuin do *Lumon* uina,
Na *Flathal*, gheal-lamhach na mbua'gh
'S i comhaid, air marcach nan tón
O Thulach nan eilid ruagh.

Lumon na ſruth
Ta ú dealra' air m' anam fein:

Mhosguil gath ſoluis on ear,
Dh' erich ard-chean cheäich na bein.
Chunas air cladach na ngleanan
A nerón chaochan ghlas-ſruthach fein.
Chualas ſciath *Cathmor* na ncolg,
Mhoſguil ſiol *Erin* na m *Bolg*.
Mar mhuir dhomhail, nuair ghluiſas gu geur
Fuaim aitti, air aghai' nan ſpeur:
Taoma tuin, o thaobh gu taobh,
Aig aomagh a nglas chean bao,
Gun eolas, air ſiubhal a chuain.

From

Trom is mál, gu *Lon* na ſruth
Ghluais *Suil-mhalla* nan roſc tlá;
Ghluais as thionta n' Oi le brón:
A gorm-ſhuil fa ſhilla blá.
Nuair thanic i gu carric chruai'
Du chromagh air gleanan an *Lón*
Sheal i, o briſtagh a ceil,
Air Ri *Atha* —— dh' aom i ſios.

Puail teud, a mhic Alpain na mſón,
Ambail ſolas a nclarſich na nieöl?
Taom air *Oſſian*, agus Oſſun gu tróm,
Ta anam a ſnamh a neeö.

Chualas u, Bhaird, a m' oicha
Ach ſiubhla fón edrom uam fein!
'S aitis caoin thurra do dh' *Oſſian*
A mbliaghna chear na h' aoiſe.

Dhreun uaina thulloch nan tais
A thaomas do chean air gaoith oicha,
Ni bail t' fhorum na mchluais fein:
Na faital tannais, na d' gheug ghlais.
'S lionmhar ceamna na marbh bu treun
Air oſna, dubh-aiſra' na bein,

Nuair

Nuair ghluiſas a ghellach, an ear,
Mar ghlas-ſcia, du ſhiubhal nan ſpeur.

Ullin, a Charril, a Raono
Guith amſair a dh' aom o-ſhean:
Cluinim ſiobh an dorchadas *Shelma*
Agus moſglibhſe anam nan dán!

Ni ncluinim ſiobh ſhiol na mſón,
Cia an talla do neoil, 'mbail ar ſuain
Na tribuail ſiobh, clarſach nach tróm,
An truſcan ceo-madin 's cruaim.
Far an erich, gu fuaimar a ghrian
O ſtuaigh na ncean glas?

FINIS.